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MARCH
1918

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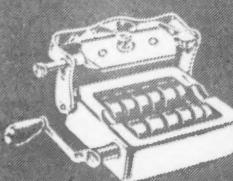
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WHEN Riley's decided to make this extraordinary Trial Offer, they knew they ran no risk; for no one ever does send a Riley Billiard Table back—so greatly does it add pleasure to boresome winter evenings, so full is it of an unlimited power of profitably occupying the young folks' minds, and so excellently made to yield all the delights (even to an expert) of the full-size Billiard Table. If you send a P.O. to-night for 10s. you get, carriage paid (no charge for package) to your door, within a few days, the wonderful Riley Miniature Table specified below, and if (after Seven Days' Trial) you are not satisfied, pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed.

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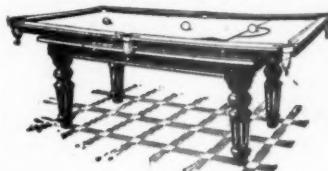
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This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table shown resting on Dining Table.

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Keep a bottle of "KOKO" handy, use it night and morning; you will be really astonished at the improvement shown after fourteen days' regular treatment.

KOKO
Cleanses and Refreshes the Scalp.
Fights the Hair Follicles,
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and produces Thick, Luxuriant,
Brilliant Tresses.

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.
CONTAINS NO DYE, OIL OR GREASE.
DELIGHTFULLY COOLING, REFRESHING,
AND INVIGORATING TO THE SCALP.

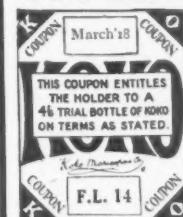


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**1/-, 26
and 46**
Per Bottle.

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SPECIAL 4/6 FULL-SIZE bottle of "KOKO" for 1/9 (Postage 1d. extra.)



Any one forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for 1s. 6d. and five stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial by Parcel Post under cover, prepaid, one regular 12-ounce bottle of "KOKO" for the Hair, the price of which is 4s. 6d. provided it is ordered within Ten Days from the date of this offer. In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same individual or firm. Coupon as we make the offer solely for trial.

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A MILLION HAIR-GROWING OUTFITS FREE

Great Popular Success of Wonderful Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying "Harlene Hair-Drill."

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE GIFT TO-DAY.

ALL sections of the community, our Fighting Men on both Land and Sea, Nurses, Munition Workers, as well as practically all our famous actresses, Queens of Revue, and Cinema Artistes, are full of praise for what has now become the great national toilet practice—"Harlene Hair-Drill."

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to dispatch to any reader a complete 7 Days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit entirely free of charge.

COMPLETE 7-DAY "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT.

This Free Offer is one that no one can afford to miss. If you are a man who suffers from ageing baldness, or if your hair is getting thin, weak, or impoverished, this offer is open to YOU. If you are a woman whose youthful looks are gradually disappearing as a consequence of the hair looking dank, dull, lifeless, and thin, or coming out daily when you use the comb, this Free Offer is also open for YOU to accept. There are no conditions—no obligation—nothing to pay except the actual cost of the return postage and packing of the Trial Parcel to your own door.

There is therefore now no necessity for any man or woman to suffer from:

1. Scalp Irritation.
2. Complete or partial baldness.
3. Straggling or weak hair.
4. Over-greasiness of the scalp.
5. Scurf or Dandruff.

All readers of this announcement are invited to avail themselves of the generous offer of the Proprietors of "Harlene" to learn of the most successful method of regaining, restoring, and preserving hair health and hair beauty, free of

charge. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is now daily carried out in Bedroom, Boudoir, and Arsenal by millions of people.

CONTENTS OF FREE HAIR HEALTH PARCELS.

Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, without any obligation on your part—merely send 4d. in stamps to defray cost of postage and packing, and as soon as His Majesty's Post Office can deliver it, you will receive the following valuable Gift:

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A Packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instruction.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair taking up new vitality and new strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness reviving the hair.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1/-, 2/-, and 4/- per bottle; "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growth Outfit at 2/-; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1/16 per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 1d. each); "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1/- and 2/- per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1/- and 2/- per bottle. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.



All classes of Society are now regularly practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." Men in both our Navy and Army, abroad and at home, Nurses, Munition Workers—indeed, all classes of men and women are taking "Harlene" for their appearance. Everyone is day invited to accept the Free Gift Offer made in this announcement. Simply send your name and address with the Coupon Form below, and by return you will receive, without any charge or obligation, the complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit fully described in this announcement.

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FREE "HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24 & 26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

Mark envelope "Sample Dept."

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Harlene
HAIR DRILL

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A Bargain. Dinner & Tea Service, 32/6

We are making 20,000 of this entirely new shape and design in the **Famous Swansong Pattern**. Sent 32/6. We will then send you these pieces on approval. If you are not quite satisfied return same, when your money will be entirely returned. It is only the great quantity that we intend to sell makes it possible to sell at this low price.

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8 Dinner Plates, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Cake Plates, and Covers, 8 Side Plates, 1 Sauce Boat, 12 Tea Plates, 6 Cheese Plates, 12 Tea Cups, 3 Meat Dishes, 1 Cream Jug, 18 sizes.

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So many men and women to-day are not only doing their bit, but overdoing it, that there has been of late a very serious increase in Varicose Veins. This most dangerous condition has hitherto baffled all kinds of treatment, except the Surgeon's Knife, and is menacing the life of thousands daily.

Extraordinary interest, therefore, attaches to the news that famous British Surgical Appliance Maker has succeeded in perfecting a wonderful new Support for the relief and cure of Varicose Veins. It is made on an entirely new principle, gives the swollen and often inflamed vein firm but gentle support, and gradually re-educates the morbid vein back to that healthy action which prevents congestion and clotting, and so effects a complete cure. This new support is arousing the greatest interest among Medical men and Surgeons, and already Mr. Cooper, the Inventor, has been overwhelmed by congratulatory correspondence. In every case where it has been tried, it is giving the greatest immediate relief, while it greatly reduces the grave risks of those who suffer from this dangerous venous condition. The demand for the new Appliance is enormous, and all sufferers from Varicose Veins should write for Full Particulars at once (a post card will do) to the Inventor, Mr. D. M. Cooper, Surgical Appliance Maker (Dept. 741), 124 Holborn, London, E.C.1 (next door to Gamage's).

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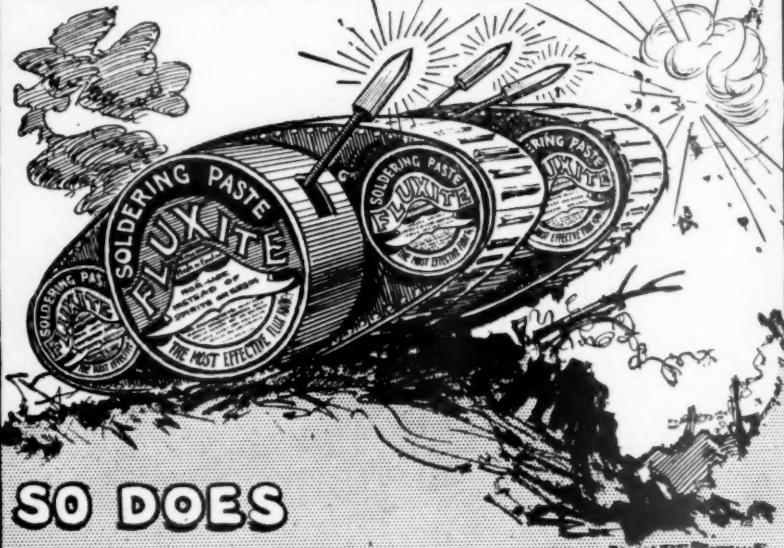
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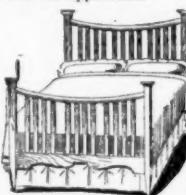
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See page vi

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The Editor

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.
February, 1918.

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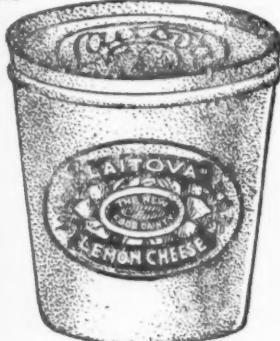
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The Editor's Announcement Page

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In the May number I am giving the opening instalment of what I consider the finest serial we have had in **THE QUIVER** for years, by one of the greatest writers of the present day.

Full particulars next month.

The Editor

[For Contents of this Number see over.]

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Gives some good common-sense advice to civilians suffering from painful rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, stiff joints, sore muscles, backache, &c.

Rheumatic misery is a very common complaint amongst soldiers. Conditions in the damp cold trenches, especially in winter, are such as often to develop painful rheumatic symptoms even with men who have never experienced anything of the kind before, and fancied themselves immune from these or any uric acid tortures. Civilians can hardly realise the severity of exposure suffered in the trenches and by airmen at high altitudes.

By far the best treatment I know of to stop rheumatic, or, in fact, almost any muscular pains, stiffness in joints, etc. etc., is prepared by dissolving in water, preferably rather hot, a good handful of Reudel bath Saltrates, which most chemists keep ready put up in packets at slight cost and of convenient sizes, so giving the treatment a trial is a simple matter. A few minutes of resting either the entire body or simply the affected parts in the highly medicated and oxygenated water thus produced, draws out pains or aches and limbers sore muscles or joints more quickly than anything else I have ever tried. The salinated water also has excellent soothing, healing and antiseptic qualities when

used for skin afflictions or inflammation and irritations generally. I was informed by an army medical officer that Reudel bath Saltrates contained certain essential constituents found in the medicated bathing waters at famous natural medicinal springs. According to my own experience, the effects are certainly quite similar, and there is no doubt that the various spas and springs of Europe produced some wonderful results when so widely patronised before the war. True, they were often beyond the reach of any but wealthy sufferers, but if any better method of treatment were available, the wealthy victims of rheumatism, gout, etc., would have been amongst the first to discover and take prompt advantage of it. As a perfect substitute for costly spa treatments, I personally found the inexpensive and convenient Reudel bath Saltrates to answer every possible requirement, and without the necessity for any long journey to a thermal spring.

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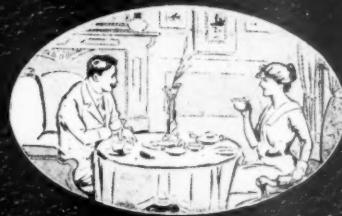
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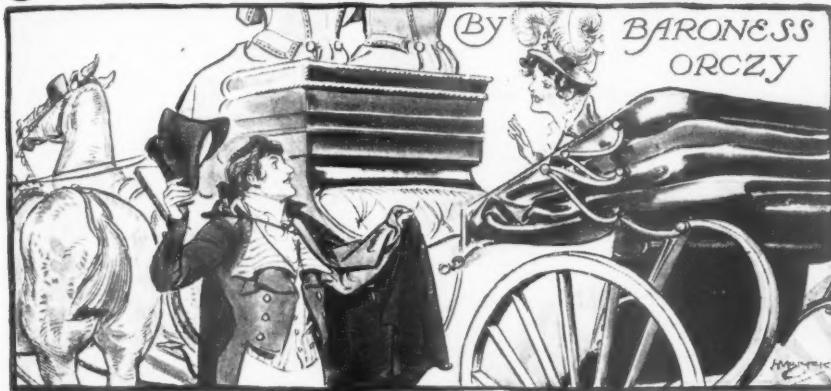
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The SECRET AGENT

By

BARONESS
ORCZY



I

AT first there was a good deal of talk in the neighbourhood when the de Romaines returned from England and settled down in the little tumble-down Lodge just outside St. Lô. The Lodge, surrounded by a small garden, marked the boundary of the beautiful domain of Torteron, which had been the property of the de Romaines and of their ancestors before them for many generations past and gone. M. le Comte de Romaine had emigrated with his family at the very outset of the Revolution, and in accordance with the decree of February, 1792, directed against the emigrants, his estates were confiscated and sold for the benefit of the State. The château of Torteron, being so conveniently situated near the town of St. Lô, was converted into a general hospital, the farms and agricultural lands were bought up by various local cultivators; only the little Lodge just outside the park gates had remained unsold, and when the *émigrés* were granted a general amnesty the de Romaines obtained permission to settle down in it; although it was greatly neglected and dilapidated, it was weatherproof, and by the clemency of the Emperor it was declared to be undisputedly their own.

M. le Comte de Romaine, worn out by sorrow and the miseries of exile, had died in England. It was Madame la Comtesse, now a widow, who came back to Torteron with

M. le Comte Jacques, her son, who had never set foot on his native soil since, as a tiny lad, he had been taken by his parents into exile, and Mademoiselle Mariette, who, born in England, had never set foot on France at all.

People who had known Madame la Comtesse in the past thought her very much aged—more so, in fact, than her years warranted. She had gone away in '91 a young and very handsome woman well on the right side of thirty, fond of society and of show; now she had returned nineteen years later the wreck of her former self. Crippled with rheumatism, for ever wrapped up in shawls, with weak sight and impaired hearing, she at once settled down to a very secluded life at the Lodge, waited on only by her daughter, a silent and stately girl who filled the duties of maid of all work, companion, and nurse to her mother and her brother.

On the other hand, young M. le Comte de Romaine was a regular “gad-about”—something of a rogue and a ne'er-do-well. He appeared to have no settled occupation, and very soon there was not a café or dancing hall in St. Lô which had not some story to tell of his escapades and merry living.

M. Moulin, Préfet of St. Lô, had received orders from headquarters to keep an eye on the doings of all returned emigrants in his district, and lately it had been rumoured in official circles that no less a personage

than the secret agent of His Majesty's Minister of Police would visit the locality and deal with the nests of Royalist conspirators which infested it as they deserved. For indeed these conspirators—Clouans, as they were called—were the pest of the countryside. Murder, pillage, arson, highway robbery, every crime did they commit under the cloak of loyalty to the cause of their dispossessed king, and the Minister's secret agent appeared to be the only man capable of dealing with the rabble.

Up to this time, however, the de Romaines had remained above suspicion. Madame la Comtesse and Mademoiselle Mariette went nowhere except now and again to the church of Notre Dame; they saw no one; and for the nonce the young Comte de Romaine devoted his entire attention to Mademoiselle Philippa, the charming dancer who was delighting the audiences of St. Lô with her inimitable art, and dazzling their eyes with her showy dresses, her magnificent equipage, and her diamonds.

The worthy Préfet, in his latest report to the Minister's agent, had jocularly added that the lovely dancer did not appear at all averse to the idea of being styled "Madame la Comtesse" one of these days, or of regilding the faded escutcheon of the de Romaines with her plebian gold.

There certainly was no suspicion of conspiracy about the doings of any member of the family, no communication with any of the well-known Royalist leaders, no visits from questionable personages.

Great, therefore, was the astonishment of M. Moulin when, three days later, he received a summons to present himself before the accredited secret agent of His Majesty's Minister of Police, who had arrived at St. Lô less than an hour ago.

"I am here in strict incognito, my dear Monsieur Moulin," the agent said as soon as he had greeted the Préfet, "and I have brought three of my own men down with me whom I know that I can trust, as I am not satisfied that you are carrying my orders out properly."

"Your orders, Monsieur—er—Fernand?" queried the Préfet blandly.

"Yes, I said my orders," retorted the other quietly. "Did I not order you to keep a strict eye on the doings of the Romaine family?"

"But, Monsieur Fernand—"

"From now onwards my men and I will keep watch over Jacques de Romaine," broke in the secret agent in an even yet peremptory tone which admitted of no argument. "But we cannot have our eyes everywhere. I must leave the women to you."

"The old Comtesse only goes to church, and Mademoiselle Mariette goes sometimes to market."

"So much the better for you. Your men will have an easy time."

"But—"

"I pray you do not argue, my good Monsieur Moulin. Mademoiselle Mariette may be out shopping at this very moment."

And when the accredited agent of His Majesty's Minister said, "I pray you," every minor official throughout the district knew that non-compliance was out of the question.

Later in the day the Préfet talked the matter over with M. Cognard, chief commissary of police, who had had similar orders in the matter of the Romaines. The two cronies had had their tempers sorely ruffled by the dictatorial ways of the accredited agent, whom they hated with all the venom of intransigent natures directed against an energetic one.

"That busybody," vowed M. Moulin, "sees conspirators in every harmless citizen, and interferes in matters which of a truth have nothing whatever to do with him."

II

THEN in the very midst of the complacency of these two worthies came the memorable day which, in their opinion, was the most turbulent one that had ever come their way during the course of their long and comfortable careers.

It was the day following the arrival of the secret agent of His Majesty's Minister of Police at St. Lô, and he had come to the commissariat that morning for the sole purpose—so M. Cognard averred—of making matters uncomfortable for everybody, when Mademoiselle de Romaine was announced. Mademoiselle had sent in word that she desired to speak with M. le Commissaire immediately, and a minute or two later she entered, looking like a pale ghost, in a worn grey gown, and with a cape round her

THE SECRET AGENT

shoulders which was far too thin to keep out the cold on this winter's morning.

M. Cognard, fussy and chivalrous, offered her a chair. She seemed to be in a terrible state of mental agitation, and obviously on the verge of tears, which, however, with characteristic pride she kept resolutely back.

"I have come, Monsieur le Commissaire," she began in a voice hoarse with emotion, "because my mother—Madame la Comtesse de Romaine—and I are desperately anxious—we don't know—we——"

She was trembling so, that she appeared almost unable to speak. M. Cognard, with great kindness and courtesy, poured out a glass of water for her. She drank a little of it, and threw him a grateful look, after which she seemed more calm.

"I pray you to compose yourself, Mademoiselle," said the worthy commissary. "I am, of course, entirely at your service."

"It is about my brother, Monsieur le Commissaire," rejoined Mademoiselle more calmly, "Monsieur le Comte Jacques de Romaine. He has disappeared. For three days we have seen and heard nothing of him—and my mother fears—fears——"

Her eyes became dilated with that fear which she dared not put into words. M. Cognard interposed at once, both decisively and sympathetically.

"There is no occasion to fear the worst, Mademoiselle," he said kindly. "Young men often leave home for days without letting their mother and sisters know where they are."

"Ah, but, Monsieur le Commissaire," resumed Mademoiselle with a pathetic break in her voice, "the circumstances in this case are exceptional. My mother is a great invalid, and though my brother leads rather a gay life he is devoted to her, and he always would come home o' nights. Sometimes," she continued as a slight flush rose to her pale cheeks, "Mademoiselle Philippa would drive him home in her barouche from the theatre. This she did on Tuesday night, for I heard the carriage draw up at our door. I saw the lights of the lanthorns; I also heard my brother's voice bidding Mademoiselle good-night, and the barouche driving off again. I was in bed, for it was long past midnight, and I remember just before I fell asleep again, thinking how very quietly my dear brother must have come in, for I had not heard the opening and

shutting of the front door, nor his step upon the stairs or in his room. It was only the next morning that I saw that his bed had not been slept in, and that evidently—as I then thought—he had not come into the house at all, but had driven off again, no doubt, with Mademoiselle Philippa. But we have not seen him since, and——"

"And—h'm—er—have you communicated with Mademoiselle Philippa since then?" asked the commissary with some hesitation.

"No, Monsieur," replied Mariette de Romaine gravely. "You are the first stranger whom I have consulted. I thought that you would advise me what to do."

"Exactly, exactly!" rejoined M. Cognard, highly gratified at this tribute to his sagacity. "You may rely on me, Mademoiselle, to carry on investigations with the utmost discretion. Perhaps you will furnish me with just a few more details regarding this—er—regrettable occurrence."

There ensued a lengthy period of questioning and cross-questionings. M. Cognard was fussy and official. Mademoiselle de Romaine, obviously wearied, told and retold her simple story with exemplary patience. The accredited agent, ensconced in a dark angle of the room, took no part in the proceedings; only once did he interpose with an abrupt question:

"Are you quite sure, Mademoiselle," he asked, "that Monsieur le Comte did not come into the house at all, before you heard the barouche drive off again?"

Mariette de Romaine gave a visible start. Obviously she had had no idea until then that anyone else was in the room besides herself and the commissary of police, and as the quaint, grey-clad figure of the Minister's secret agent emerged so suddenly from out the dark corner, her pale cheeks took on an even more ashen hue. Nevertheless, she replied quite steadily:

"I cannot be sure of that, Monsieur," she said, "for I was in bed and half asleep, but I am sure that my brother did not sleep in the house that night."

M. Fernand asked no further questions; he had once more retired into a dark angle of the room; but, after this little episode, whenever Mariette de Romaine looked in that direction, she encountered his deep-set, inquiring eyes fixed intently upon her.

After Mademoiselle de Romaine's depar-



"M. Cognard poured out a glass of water for her"—p. 387.

Drawn by
H. M. Brock.

ture, M. Cognard turned somewhat sheepishly to the Minister's agent.

"It does seem," he said, "that there is something queer about those Romaines, after all."

"Fortunately," retorted the secret agent dryly, "that you have complied with my orders, and that your men have never once lost sight of Mademoiselle or of Madame her mother."

M. Cognard made no reply. His round face had flushed up to the very roots of his hair.

"Had you not better send at once for this dancer—Philippa?" added the agent curtly.

"Of course, of course," stammered the commissary, much relieved.

III

MADMOISELLE PHILIPPA duly arrived, in the early afternoon, in her barouche drawn by two magnifi-

cent English horses. She appeared dressed in the latest Paris fashion, and was greeted by M. Cognard with the gallantry due to her beauty and to her talent.

"You have sent for me, Monsieur le Commissaire?" she asked somewhat tartly, as soon as she had settled herself down in as becoming an attitude as the office chair would allow.

"Oh, Mademoiselle," said the worthy commissary deprecatingly; "I did so with deep regret at having to trouble you."

"Well? And what is it?" she riposted.

"I only desired to ask you, Mademoiselle, if you had seen the Comte de Romaine recently."

She laughed and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"The young scamp!" she said lightly. "No; I haven't seen him for two days. Why do you ask?"

"Because the young scamp, as you so pertinently call him, has disappeared, and neither his mother nor his sister know what has become of him."

"Disappeared?" exclaimed Mademoiselle Philippa. "With my emeralds!"

Her nonchalance and habitual gaiety had suddenly left her. She was sitting bolt upright now, her small hands clutching the arms of her chair, her face pale and almost haggard beneath the delicate layer of rouge.

"Your emeralds, Mademoiselle?" queried M. Cognard in dismay.

"My emeralds," she reiterated with a catch in her voice. "A necklace, tiara, and ear-rings—a gift to me from the Emperor of Russia when I danced before him at St. Petersburg. They are worth the best part of a million francs, Monsieur le Commissaire. Oh! Monsieur de Romaine cannot have disappeared—not like that—and not with my emeralds!"

THE SECRET AGENT

She burst into tears, and M. Cognard had much ado to reassure her. Everything would be done, he declared, to trace the young malefactor. He could not dispose of the emeralds, vowed the worthy commissary, without being apprehended, and his booty being taken from him.

"He can dispose of them abroad," declared Mademoiselle Philippa, who would not be consoled. "He may be on the high seas by now—the abominable young rogue."

"But how came Mademoiselle Philippa's priceless emeralds in the hands of that abominable young rogue?" here broke in a quiet, even voice calmly.

But Mademoiselle turned upon the secret agent like a young tiger-cat that has been teased.

"What's that to you?" she queried.

He smiled.

"Are we not all trying to throw light on a mysterious occurrence?" he asked.

"Monsieur de Romaine wanted to show my emeralds to his mother," rejoined Mademoiselle, somewhat mollified and not a little shame-facedly. "I had promised to be his wife—Madame la Comtesse had approved—she looked upon me as a daughter—I had been up to her house to see her—she expressed a wish to see my emeralds—and so on Tuesday I entrusted them to Monsieur de Romaine—and—*and*—"

Once more her voice broke and she burst into tears. It was a pitiable silly story, of course—that of the clumsy trap set by a fascinating rogue—the same trap into which hundreds of thousands of women have fallen since

the world began, and into which as many will fall again as long as human nature does not undergo a radical change.

"And when you drove Monsieur de Romaine home on that Tuesday night," continued Monsieur Fernand, "he had your emeralds in his possession?"

"Yes," replied Mademoiselle through her tears; "he had them in the inside pocket of his coat. I took leave of him at the Lodge. He waved his hand to me and I drove off. That is the last I have seen of him—the young scamp!"

Mademoiselle Philippa was evidently taking it for granted that Jacques de Romaine had stolen her emeralds, and she laughed derisively when M. Cognard suggested that mayhap the unfortunate young man had been waylaid and robbed and afterwards murdered by some malefactor who knew that he had the jewels in his possession.

"Well!" riposted the dancer with a shrug of the shoulders, "tis for you, my good commissaire, to find either my emeralds



"Mademoiselle turned upon the secret agent.
'What's that to you?' she queried."

Drawn by
H. M. Brock.

THE QUIVER

for me or the murdered body of Monsieur le Comte de Romaine."

After which parting shot Mademoiselle took her departure, leaving behind her an atmosphere of cosmetics and the lingering echo of a *frou-frou* of silken skirts.

IV

THE commissary had accompanied Mademoiselle Philippa to the door. He was not looking forward to the next half-hour, when of a surety that fussy grey shrimp from Paris would set all the municipal authorities by the ears for the sake of an affair which, after all, was not so very uncommon those days: a handsome rogue—a foolish, trusting woman—valuable jewellery. It was all very simple, and the capture of the young miscreant a certainty. "How was he going to dispose of the emeralds," argued M. Cognard to himself, "without getting caught?" As for connecting such a mild affair with any of those daring Royalist conspirators, the idea was preposterous.

But when M. Cognard returned to his office these specious arguments froze upon his lips. Monsieur Fernand was looking unusually stern and uncompromising.

"Let me have your last reports about Mademoiselle de Romaine," he said peremptorily. "What did she do all day yesterday?"

The commissary, grumbling in his beard, found the necessary papers.

"She only went to church in the morning," he said in an injured tone of voice, "with Madame la Comtesse. It was the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul."

"Did either of the women speak to anyone?"

"Not on the way. But the church was very crowded. Both the ladies went to confession—"

The man in grey broke in with an impatient exclamation.

"I fear that we have lost the emeralds," he said curtly; "but in Heaven's name do not let us lose the rogue. When brought to bay he may give up the booty yet."

"But, Monsieur Fernand—" protested the commissary.

The other waved aside these protestations with a quick gesture of his slender hand.

"I know, I know," he said. "You are not at fault. The rascal has been too clever for us, that is all. But we have not done with him yet. Send over to the Lodge at once," added the secret agent firmly, "men whom you can trust, and order them to apprehend Monsieur le Comte Jacques de Romaine and convey him hither at once."

"To the Lodge?" murmured M. Cognard.

"Yes. Mariette de Romaine lied when she said that her brother had not been in the house since Tuesday. He is in the house now. I had only been in St. Lô a few hours, but I had taken up my stand outside the Lodge that night, when Mademoiselle Philippa's barouche drew up there and Jacques de Romaine stepped out of it. I saw him wave his hand and then turn to go into the house. The next moment the door of the Lodge was opened and he disappeared within it. Since then he has not been outside the house. I was there the whole of that night with one of my men; two others have been on the watch ever since—one in front of the house, the other at the back. The sister or the mother may have passed the emeralds on to a confederate in church yesterday—we don't know. But this I do know," he concluded emphatically, "that Jacques de Romaine is in the Lodge at this moment unless the devil has spirited him away up the chimney."

"There's no devil that will get the better of my men," retorted the commissary, carried away despite himself by the other's energy and sense of power. "We'll have the young rogue here within the hour, Monsieur Fernand. I pledge you the honour of the municipality of St. Lô! And the emeralds too," he added complacently, "if so be that the miscreants have not yet disposed of them."

"That's brave!" rejoined the secret agent in a tone of kindly encouragement. "My own men are still on the spot, and they will lend you a hand. They have at their finger-ends all that there is to know on the subject of secret burrows and hiding-places. All that you have to remember is that Jacques de Romaine is inside the Lodge and that you must bring him hither. Now go and make your own arrangements. I will be at the Lodge myself within the hour."

THE SECRET AGENT

V

IT was quite dark when the Minister's agent arrived at the Lodge. M. Cognard himself met him outside the small garden gate. As soon as he caught sight of the slender, grey-clad figure he ran to meet it as fast as his politeness would allow.

"Nothing!" he said breathlessly.

"How do you mean—nothing?" retorted the secret agent.

"Just what I say," replied the commissary. "We have searched this little tumble-down barrack through and through. The women are there—in charge of my men. They did not protest; they did not hinder us in any way. But I tell you," added good M. Cognard as he mopped his streaming forehead, "that there's not a cat or a mouse concealed in that place. We have searched every corner."

"Bah!" said Fernand with a frown. "Some secret hiding place has escaped you!"

"Ask your own trusted men," retorted the commissary. "They have worked with ours."

"Have you questioned the women?"

"Yes. They adhere to Mademoiselle's story on every point."

"Do they know that I—a member of His Majesty's secret police force—saw Jacques de Romaine enter this house on Tuesday night, and that I swear that he did not leave it the whole of that night—whilst my own men are equally ready to swear that he has not left it since?"

"Yes. They know that."

"And what is their answer?"

"That we must demand an explanation from the man who was lurking round here in the dark when Jacques de Romaine had priceless jewels in his possession," replied the chief commissary curtly.

The stern features of the Minister's agent relaxed into a smile.

"The rogues are cleverer than I thought," he said simply.

"Rogues?" growled M. Cognard. "I, for one, do not believe that they are rogues. If Jacques de Romaine entered this house on Tuesday night, and has not left it since, where is he now? Answer me that, Monsieur Fernand!"

"Do you think that I have murdered him?" retorted the secret agent calmly.

Then he went into the house.

He found Madame la Comtesse de Romaine entrenched within that barrier of lofty incredulity which she had set up the moment she heard of the grave suspicion which rested upon her son.

"A Comte de Romaine, Monsieur," she said in her thin, cracked voice, in answer to every query put to her by the Minister's agent, "who is also Seigneur de Mazaire and a peer of France, does not steal the jewels of a dancer. If, as that wench asserts, my son had her trinkets that night about his person, then obviously it is for you who were lurking round my house like a thief in the night, to give an account of what became of him."

"Your son entered this house last Tuesday night, Madame," riposted Fernand firmly, "and has not been out of it since."

"Then I pray you find him, Monsieur," was Madame de Romaine's calm rejoinder.

Mademoiselle Mariette's attitude was equally uncompromising. She bore every question and cross-question unflinchingly. But when the secret agent finally left her in peace, in order to resume his tireless search inside that house which so bafflingly refused to give up its secret, she turned to the chief commissary of police.

"Who is that anonymous creature," she queried with passionate indignation, "who heaps insults and tortures upon my dear mother and upon me? Why is he not being questioned? Whose is the hidden hand that shields him when retribution should be marking him for its own?"

Whose indeed? The commissary of police was at his wits' ends. Even the Minister's agent—resolute, systematic, and untiring—failed to discover anything suspicious in the Lodge. It had often been said of him that no secret hiding-place, no secret panel or lurking hole could escape his eagle eye, and yet to-day, after three hours' persistent search, he was forced to confess that he had been baffled.

Either his men had relaxed their vigilance at some time since that fateful Tuesday night, and had allowed the rogue to escape, or indeed the devil had spirited the young Comte de Romaine away up the chimney.

Public opinion at once went dead against the authorities. Mademoiselle de Romaine had taken good care that the story of a man lurking round the Lodge on the night

that her brother disappeared should be known far and wide. That that man happened to be a mysterious and anonymous member of His Majesty's secret police did not in any way allay the popular feeling. The worthy citizens of St. Lô loudly demanded to know why he was not brought to justice. The *Préfet*, the *commissary*, the *procureur*, were all bombarded with correspondence. Indignation meetings were held in every parish of the neighbourhood. Indeed, so tense had the situation become that the chief departmental and municipal officials were tendering their resignations wholesale, for their position, which already was wellnigh intolerable, threatened to become literally dangerous. Sooner or later the public would have to be told that the secret agent of police, on whom so grave a suspicion now rested, had gone away, no one knew whither, and that no one dared to interfere with his movements, on pain of having to deal with M. le duc d'Ortrante, His Majesty's Minister of Police, himself.

VI

TOWARDS the end of February Madame la Comtesse de Romaine announced her intention of going abroad.

"There is no justice in this country," she had declared energetically, "or no power on earth would shield my son's murderer from the gallows."

Of Jacques de Romaine there had been no news, nor yet of Monsieur Fernand. The *Procureur Impérial*, feeling the justice of Madame's indignation, had been overcourteous in the matter of passports, and everything was got ready in view of the de Romaines' departure. Madame had decided to go with Mademoiselle Mariette to Reme, where she had many friends, and the first lap of the long journey had been fixed for the 24th, when the two ladies proposed to go by private coach as far as Caen, to sleep there, and thus to be ready in the early morning for the mail coach which would take them on to Paris.

A start was to be made at midday. In the morning Mademoiselle de Romaine went to High Mass at Notre-Dame, it being the Feast of St. Matthias. The church was very crowded, but Mariette had arrived early and she had placed her *prie-Dieu* in the shelter of one of the pillars, where she sat quite quietly, fingering her rosary while the

large congregation filed in. But all the while her thoughts were obviously not at her devotions. Her dark eyes roamed restlessly over every face and form that gathered round her, and there was in her drawn face something of the look of a frightened hare when it lies low within its shelter, fearful lest it should be seen.

It was a bitterly cold morning, and Mariette had on her long, full cape, which she kept closely wrapped round her shoulders. Anon a verger came round in charge of foot-warmer, which he distributed, in exchange for a few coppers, to those who asked for them. One of these he brought to Mariette and placed it under her feet. As he did so an imperceptible look of understanding passed from her to him. Then the priests filed in, the choir intoned the *Introit*, the smoke of incense rose to the exquisitely carved roof, and everyone became absorbed in prayer.

Mariette de Romaine, ensconced behind the pillar, sat quite still until during the *Confiteor*; when all heads were buried between clasped hands, she stooped and apparently rearranged the position of her foot warmer. Anyone who had been closely watching her would have thought that she had lifted it from the ground and was now hugging it tightly under her cloak. No doubt her hands were cold.

Just before the *Elevation* a man dressed in a rough, workman's blouse, his bare feet thrust into shabby shoes of soft leather, came and knelt down beside her. She tried to edge away from him, but the pillar was in the way and she could not retreat any farther. Then suddenly she caught the man's glance, and he—very slowly—put his grimy hand up to the collar of his blouse and, just for an instant, turned it back; on the reverse side of the collar was sewn a piece of white ribbon with a *fleur-de-lis* roughly embroidered upon it—the device of the Bourbon princes. A look of understanding, immediately followed by one of anxious inquiry, spread over Mariette de Romaine's face, but the man put a finger up to his lips and gave her a scarcely perceptible reassuring nod.

After the conclusion of the service and during the usual noise and bustle of the departing congregation, the man drew a little nearer to Mariette and whispered hurriedly:



"The man put a finger up to his lips and gave her a scarcely perceptible reassuring nod."

Drawn by
H. M. Brock.

"Do not go yet—there are police spies outside the doors."

Mariette de Romaine was brave, at times even reckless; but at this warning her pale cheeks became almost livid in hue. She hugged the bulky thing which she held under her cloak almost convulsively to her breast.

"What am I to do?" she whispered in response.

"Wait here quietly," rejoined the man, "till the people have filed out. I can take you through the belfry and out by a postern gate I know of."

"But," she gasped tonelessly, for her throat felt dry and parched, "afterwards?"

"You can come to my lodgings," he replied. "We'll let Madame know—and then we shall have to think what best to do."

"Can you find White-Beak?" she asked.

"What for?"

"I could give him the—"

"Hush!" he broke in quickly.

"I should like Monsieur le chanoine to keep them again. We shall have to make fresh arrangements—"

"Hush!" he reiterated more peremptorily. "We can do nothing for the moment save arrange for your safety."

The man spoke with such calm and authority that instinctively Mariette felt reassured. The bustle round them—people coming and going, chairs creaking against the flagstones—had effectually drowned the whispered colloquy. Now the crowd was thinning; the man caught hold of Mariette's cloak, and she, obediently, allowed him to lead her. He seemed to know his way about the sacred edifice very well, and presently, after they had crossed the belfry and gone along a flagged corridor, he opened a low door and she found herself out in the open in the narrow passage behind the east end of the church. Her guide was supporting her by the elbow, and she, hugging her precious burden, walked beside him without further question. He led her to a respectable house in a street close by, where he appeared to be at home. After climbing three flights of steps, he knocked vigorously against a door, which was immediately opened by a man, also dressed in a rough blouse, and ushered Mariette de Romaine into a small apartment of the type usually inhabited by well-to-do art sans. After crossing a narrow hall she entered a

small sitting-room wherein the first sight that greeted her tired eyes was a bunch of roughly fashioned artificial white lilies in the centre of a large round table. Fully reassured now, and thoroughly worn out with the excitement of the past few moments, the girl sank into a chair and threw open the fastening of her cloak. The bulky parcel, cleverly contrived to look like a foot-warmer, lay upon her lap.

"Now we must let Madame la Comtesse know," said the man who had been her guide, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone. "Oh, it will be quite safe!" he added, seeing that once more a look of terror had spread over Mariette de Romaine's face. "I have a comrade here—Hare's-Foot—you know him, Mademoiselle?"

She shook her head.

"He is well known in St. Lô," continued the man simply. "Supposed to be harmless. His real name is Pierre Legrand. The police spies have never suspected him—the fools. But he is one of us—and as intrepid as he is cunning. So if you will write a few words, Mademoiselle, Hare's-Foot will take them at once to Madame la Comtesse."

"What shall I say?" asked Mariette, as she took up pen and paper which her unknown friend was placing before her.

"Only that you became faint in church," he suggested, "and are at a friend's house. Then add the request that Madame la Comtesse should come to you at once: the bearer of your note will guide her."

Obediently the girl wrote as he advised, the man watching her the while. Perhaps had Mariette de Romaine looked up then she would have seen a strange look in his face—a look that was almost one of pity.

The letter was duly signed and sealed and handed over to Hare's-Foot—the man who had opened the door of the apartment—and he at once went away with it.

After that perfect quietude reigned in the small room. Mariette leaned her head against the back of her chair. She felt very tired.

"Let me relieve you of this," said her companion quietly, and without waiting for her acquiescence he took the bulky parcel from her and put it down on the table. After which Mariette de Romaine fell into a light sleep.

VII

She was aroused by the sound of her mother's voice. Madame La Comtesse de Romaine was in her turn being ushered into the apartment, and was already being put in possession of the facts connected with her daughter's letter which had summoned her hither.

"I guessed at once that something of the sort had happened," was Madame's dry and unperturbed comment. "Mariette was not likely to faint while she had those emeralds in her charge. You, my men," she added, turning to her two interlocutors, "have done well by us. I do not yet know how you came to render us and the cause of our King this signal service, but you may be sure that it will not go unrewarded. His Majesty himself shall hear of it—on the faith of a de Romaine."

"And now, Madame la Comtesse," rejoined the man in the rough blouse quietly. "I would suggest that Mademoiselle and yourself don some suitable disguise, while Hare's-Foot and I arrange for some safe conveyance to take you out of St. Lô at once. We have given those police spies most effectually the slip, and while they are still searching the city through for you, you will be half way on the road to Caen and there is no reason why your original plans for your journey to Rome should be in any way modified."

"Perfect! perfect!" exclaimed Madame enthusiastically. "You are a jewel."



"Why, Jacques, you young scamp! Where have you been h'ding all this while?"—p. 396.

Drawn by
H. M. Brock

There was nothing of the senile invalid about her now. She had cast off her shawl and her bonnet and with them the lank, white wig which concealed her own dark hair. The man in the rough blouse smiled as he looked on her.

"My mate and I have a number of excellent disguises in this wardrobe here, Madame la Comtesse," he said, as he pointed to a large piece of furniture which stood in an angle of the room, "and all are at your service. I would suggest a peasant's dress for Mademoiselle, and," he added significantly, "a man's attire for Madame,

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since she is so very much at home in it."

" You are right, my man," rejoined Madame lightly. " I was perfectly at home in my son's breeches, and I shall never cease to regret that Jacques de Romaine must remain as he now is—vanished or dead—for as long as I live."

The two men then took their leave, and the ladies proceeded to select suitable disguises for themselves. Silently and methodically they proceeded in their task, Mariette de Romaine making herself look as like a labourer's wench as she could whilst Madame la Comtesse slipped into a rough suit of coat and breeches with the ease obviously born of constant habit. Her short, dark hair she tied into a knot at the nape of her neck and placed a shabby tricorne jauntily upon it. Her broad, unfeminine figure, her somewhat hard, marked features, and firm mouth and chin made her look a handsome and dashing cavalier.

When, a few moments later, the sound of voices in the hall proclaimed the return of the men, Madame la Comtesse was standing expectant and triumphant, facing the door—ready for adventure as she had always been—a light of daring and of recklessness in her eyes.

The door was opened: a woman's cry of joy and astonishment rang out.

" Why, Jacques, you young scamp!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Philippa, who, dressed in brilliant green silk, with feathered hat and well-rouged cheeks, was standing under the lintel of the narrow door like a being from another world. " Where have you been hiding all this while?"

But her cry of mingled pleasure and petulance had already been followed by a double cry of terror. Madame la Comtesse, white now to the lips, had fallen back against the table, to which she clung; whilst Mariette de Romaine, wide-eyed like a tracked beast at bay, was gazing in horror straight before her, where behind Philippa's flaring skirts appeared the stern, colourless face of a small man in a grey coat.

" It is for the mean spies of that Corsican upstart," she exclaimed with indignation " to have devised such an abominable trick."

Already the Minister's agent had entered the room. Behind him in the dark, narrow hall could be seen the vague silhouettes of three or four men in plain clothes.

" Trick for trick, Mademoiselle, and disguise for disguise," said the secret agent quietly. " I prefer mine to the one which deceived and defrauded Mademoiselle Philippa here of close on a million francs' worth of jewels."

" A trick?" exclaimed the dancer, who was looking the picture of bewilderment. " My jewels? I don't understand—"

" Madame la Comtesse de Romaine, otherwise Jacques, your fiancé and admirer, Mademoiselle, has still the time to explain. The private coach which will convey her to Rennes will not be here for half an hour. In the meanwhile," he added, as he took up the parcel of jewels from the table, " you will find these at the commissariat of police whenever you care to call for them. Our worthy M. Cognard will have the privilege of returning them to you."

But Mademoiselle Philippa was far too much upset to wait for explanations now. At the invitation of the Minister's accredited agent she had followed him hither, for he had told her that she would see Jacques de Romaine once more. The disappointment and mingled horror and excitement when she realised what an amazing trick had been played upon her literally swept her off her nimble feet.

The de Romaine—mother and daughter—offered no resistance. Indeed, resistance would have been futile, and theirs was not the temperament to allow of hysterics or undignified protestations. Every courtesy was shown to them on their way to Rennes, where they were tried and condemned to five years' imprisonment. But twelve months later the Imperial clemency was exercised in their favour and they were released, after the Restoration they were handsomely rewarded for their zeal in the service of His Majesty the King.

The Comte Jacques de Romaine, who, as a tiny lad, had been taken over to England, never came to France till after Waterloo had been fought and lost. At the time that his mother impersonated him so daringly and with such sinister results, he was serving in the Prussian Army. Mariette de Romaine subsequently married the Vicomte de Sainte-Vaast. She and her husband emigrated with Charles X. in 1830, and their son married an Englishwoman and subsequently died in England in a house at Hampstead in the early seventies.

OUR OLD WAR HUTS

What shall we do with them when Reconstruction Comes?

By MARIE HARRISON

We shall have to utilise every mortal thing when at last we leave off destruction.
Here is a plea for an intelligent and national employment of the old war huts.

WHAT shall we do with all the tin huts when the war is over? Since those first strange days of August, 1914, thousands of pounds have been spent on tin huts, not only for army camps, but as annexes to Government departments, as canteens, for recreation as well as for work, as clubs as well as hospitals.

Very Unlovely, it is True

Some of these huts are very unlovely. The soldier is tired of hut life. There is little that is comforting about large quantities of corrugated iron with wood linings.

Still, it must be admitted that most of these huts are solidly built: they will long outlast the war. In design, if not in decoration, they are good. They will have served their war-time purpose. Unless some strong plea is made for their retention for other spheres of usefulness it is probable that they will be sold to the first interested dealer, to be dissected, altered, used again in a hundred fragments for a hundred different objects.

Keep them

It seems to me that we ought to keep our huts. If the Government intends to sell them, there should be room for the serious buyer as well as for the merchant who merely thinks of taking them to pieces for re-use in building houses. After the war building labour will not be immediately available for fancy purposes. We shall probably have to help in the material reconstruction of Belgium, Northern France, possibly Serbia, as well as Montenegro. Much labour will be needed for Government house-building. Demobilisation may be a slow process. In a variety of ways, therefore, there ought to be great uses for these old huts in their present condition.

Some of these huts have been built on

wonderful pieces of land, for the military authorities frequently choose beauty spots for their camps, by accident or by design—I know not. The fact remains that on our moorlands, close by our seas, in the fairest stretches of the country-side, hutments have been erected. And there is no reason why they should not remain there after the war.

Holiday Centres

One of the first uses of these encampments might be as holiday centres for the working classes unable to take expensive changes at seaside lodgings. Very quickly the huts could be adapted for the purpose. The officers' quarters might be reserved for those wishing for more exclusive accommodation. The spacious dormitories would be available for those who do not mind common sleeping-ground so long as there is beautiful air to breathe, good food to eat, happy surroundings.

What about the Children?

Very particularly these camps might well become holiday homes for children. To send children into the country, as we send them now, to individual families, is surely the most expensive way. To send them to a camp would be much cheaper, because you would have a common kitchen, a common dining-room, a big dormitory instead of several bedrooms. You would have a specially trained staff to look after them, instead of leaving them to the care of rather busy people with families of their own. I commend this idea to such societies as the Poor Children's Holiday Association. I think they would find their work could be widely extended if they adopted the idea, that thousands more children would be able to have the holidays which have meant so much to the delicate boys and girls of the slums in days gone by.

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Hospitals could be made out of huts without remodelling a particle of the structure. I should like to see scattered all over the country rest hospitals where tired men and women could have simple nursing, very good food, and all the sun and winds of heaven blowing about them. So many people have to leave the great town hospitals before they are really well, because of the long waiting-list. These men and women could be drafted on to hut hospitals with the greatest advantage. It would not be necessary to remodel the huts, because in a convalescent depot you do not need an elaborate operating-room, or utensils, or machinery. The cure you give is rest and enough of the right sort of food to eat and great quiet. And some of these huts, built on lonely stretches of land, would be ideal for the purpose. They would be clothed in a great peace—very far away from all that disturbs and hurts in the big city—and they would not cost much to run.

Memorial Rest Camps

Here, again, is an idea that should appeal to those of the richer classes who might care to found some enduring memorial of a gallant, well-beloved son or brother or husband killed in action. And would there not be something very sweet and poetic in the thought that such rest camps might be reserved mainly for the old soldiers who were trained there in the days of the Great War, and for their families?

Ideal Village Clubs

I have still another idea for the use of our old huts, and it is that they should be used as village clubs. The old village club was rather dreary, because it was managed on unimaginative lines. It was usually the possession of men. Women had no part in its opportunities, no right within its doors. It became a dull, uninspiring place which did little to make country life more attractive. But with better accommodation all these things should change.

Very slightly adapted, the army hut ought to make an ideal club. It is roomy to begin with; it is bright with ample window-light; it is meant for rather rough wear and tear. With pretty curtains, flowers, easy chairs, you would have a club as comfortable as any in Pall Mall, and much brighter than most.

And in these new hut clubs it should be possible for men and women to meet on terms of happy intercourse. Have your billiard-room for your men if you like, but have an amusement-room for women too. Women find country life almost unbearable at times, because there is nothing to do, no picture-house, no common meeting-ground for friends. The one diversion is to sit and talk in the parish-room, which is usually the nearest approach to club life. Well, I suggest games—bagatelle, if you think women would not care for billiards, or dominoes, or a piano or even a gramophone.

Let there also be a good canteen supplying well-cooked dishes of the simplest description, so that the tired mother might for once in a way be able to eat a meal not prepared by her own hands. I am certain that clubs of this description would make country life a very different thing. After all, women do not want to be instructed in their hours of playtime, and it is rather futile to mix up mothercraft and housewifery with club life. Lantern lectures, whist drives, games, parties—these are the things which are needed in the country, and they ought to be possible in the roomy accommodation which the army huts would provide.

Homes for Invalided Men

Again, I do not see why the smaller huts should not provide permanent homes for invalided army men wishing to live in the country. Army huts are built on hygienic lines. With a little kindly furnishing they would be as comfortable as they are sanitary. They are all on one floor, making it very easy for a disabled man to get about and for his wife to get through her housework. There are hundreds of officers unable to buy a country house who would be able to buy a small hut and adapt it for their own purposes. We shall all live more simply after the war. Our standard of luxury will not be so high as it was in those exacting days of peace. We shall have more courage to live the kind of life we want to lead, we shall be less hampered by convention. To quite a number of men and women the possibility of buying a hut has occurred already. And if anyone has a claim on these structures it is surely the very men for whom they were originally built.

OUR OLD WAR HUTS

Making them Attractive

It would be very easy, too, to make these huts attractive. As they are at present they are not beautiful. But that is because men have been too busy on things of ugliness to think of climbing creepers, of little garden plots, of bright-coloured curtains, of the planting of small plantations on waste land to give the note of protection and comfort that only trees can give. These things would come in time, and the huts of peace would be infinitely more lovely than the huts of war.

Restaurants—Kitchens—Centres

For the huts that have been built in towns a dozen different uses might be suggested. We want cheap restaurants run on

co-operative lines, more communal kitchens, more clubs; we want rest centres for tired workers; and to use these huts that already exist would be so much cheaper than to make new buildings or rent old ones at London rentals.

Do not Forget

Men are busy at work on after-war reconstruction problems. I hope they will not forget the huts. Though the soldier is very weary of hut life, the place where he was trained, the place from which he went forth on the long road to the war, has a certain wistful appeal to his womenfolk. We at least hope that the old army huts will be considered a little tenderly, that some of them at least may be used for purposes that will endure.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM



Outside the
Jaffa Gate.

This is the road along which General Allenby came on his historic entry into Jerusalem on December 11. At this spot (foreground) soldiers of the different nations comprising the Allied force were drawn up; the General here dismounted and entered the city by the Jaffa Gate (to the left of the picture). (See p. 412.)

Photo : American Colony,
Jerusalem.

PRO PATRIA

A Story of War, Patriotism—and the Old, Old Problem

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN and ERIC LEVISON

THE old man ascended the brown stone steps slowly and heavily, and the elderly butler hastened to swing open the heavy front door.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon, Henry." The dignified old man spoke with an effort. He stood motionless as the butler gently relieved him of his heavy coat and austere silk hat. And when that ceremony was completed, he remained where he stood, staring at the blank wall of the hall.

"Any orders, sir?"

The old man pulled himself together, and he spoke wearily.

"You will admit no one, Henry—no one except Captain Reynolds, or—or—." He paused awkwardly. The butler nodded.

"Very good, sir."

The butler was an old man, which perhaps accounts for the mist which obscured his gaze as he watched the pitifully erect figure of the other as he tottered down the hall. The library door closed, and the butler turned to his tasks, muttering softly :

"It's another scrape the young 'un's in." Then, slowly shaking his head, he reopened the front door and carefully polished the brass door-plate which bore the inscription : **GERALD BRAITHWAITE**.

The man in the library sank heavily into a chair, his eyes reflecting the light of unutterable tragedy. He drew from his pocket a newspaper, which he opened with hands that trembled, partly from age and partly from stress of an untoward emotion. For the fiftieth time he read the stark facts of the little news item :

"Gerald Braithwaite, Lieutenant, R.N., son of Gerald Braithwaite, Vice-Admiral, R.N., retired, was temporarily taken in charge last night in Halder Street by the civil authorities, following a drunken brawl between the men of H.M.S. *Orcel* and H.M.S. *Plymouth*. When arrested, Lieu-

tenant Braithwaite was patently under the influence of liquor, and was dressed in a sailor's uniform. It is understood that, since this is not the first time that Lieutenant Braithwaite has been mentioned in connection with similar episodes, the Admiralty will institute an investigation."

The old man shook his head slowly, and his figure seemed to crumple in the depths of the big chair. His nerveless fingers relaxed, and the newspaper dropped to the floor. Then his eyes unconsciously directed themselves toward the opposite wall, where three full-length portraits stared at him in mute accusation.

The first was that of a robust, full-blown man in the uniform of a commodore of the early 'eighties. He was a man of broad shoulder, steely eyes, and a firm, square jaw. Beneath the portrait was the inscription, "Gerald Braithwaite, Commodore, R.N.," and several beribboned decorations.

The second was a striking likeness of the man in the big chair : there was a sameness of jaw and eyes, but years had passed since the painting of the portrait. A close observer, however, would have seen, none the less, the man himself. Beneath that portrait hung a small vice-admiral's flag, and next to it the Distinguished Service bar on a small and faded blue ribbon.

But it was the third portrait on which the old man's gaze remained riveted. It showed a young man in the early thirties—a young man with the same fire of eye and nobility of mien. His garb was the dress uniform of lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy. The picture had none of the mustiness of the other two ; it seemed scarcely to have dried from the artist's brush ; and there was an air of jauntiness which was lacking in the others, albeit the youthful eyes reflected the light of hidden tragedy, cunningly caught by the artist.

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The space beneath the third portrait was empty. Time was when the old man had dreamed. Abruptly he rose and clasped his hands behind his back.

"A Braithwaite!" he muttered. "A Navy Braithwaite!" He kicked the newspaper with abhorrence.

The library door opened.

"Captain William Reynolds, sir," the butler announced.

The captain crossed the room and shook the admiral's hand deferentially. An awkward silence fell between them. The admiral spoke first, with his habitual directness.

"You have seen the papers, Reynolds?"

"Yes, sir. I have come direct from the Admiralty. It is so—unfortunate——"

The vice-admiral became at once the old man and the father.

"I cannot blame them. I would not blame them if the man were other than my son, and I cannot blame them because he is. Yet it hurts, Reynolds."

"But why is it?" questioned the captain vehemently. "What is it?"

"It's as old as the Braithwaites," sighed the elderly admiral, "the all-consuming desire for alcohol. It has grown worse from generation to generation. I fought it. The commodore, my father, fought it before me, and educated me to fight it as I educated my son. We won. The boy loses. It isn't because he doesn't try. It is a disease with him—almost dipsomania. He lives a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence. He's a fine boy, Reynolds—a magnificent boy. I realise that he is retained because of me and my father. That's the horror of it. Good heavens! Must he lose?"

"He hasn't lost," soothed the captain. "No man of thirty-two has lost."

"May you be correct! They will do nothing?"

"Not at present. They are giving him another chance. We are sailing to-night."

"So I have read. Active service?"

"Yes."

"With the Grand Fleet?"

"No; Mediterranean service."

"Gerald goes with you?"

"Yes. He sails with the *Oreel*, but no one knows how he will come through. The mess has practically ostracised him. He will live a dog's life. I saw him this morning—he was locked in his quarters forcibly by the executive officer, and his remorse is

painfully genuine. He spoke of resigning. He said he was coming here. You talk to him, Braithwaite. Tell him what it all means. We'll make a real fight on this trial."

"His last?"

"Yes—his last."

The library door swung back abruptly and a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant entered—the original of the third portrait. He stepped back hastily.

"Beg pardon——"

"Come in, Gerald." It was the captain who spoke. "I'm just leaving."

The junior Braithwaite swung across the room, shoulders and head back, although his forehead was mantled with a flush of shame.

"You've been to the Admiralty?"

"Yes."

"And the verdict?"

"You sail with the *Oreel* to-night. It is——"

"My last chance?"

"Yes, my boy."

Their hands clasped firmly.

"Thank you, Captain. I'll—I'll try to be worthy."

The captain made his adieus awkwardly and was ushered out by the butler. For a long time the father stared at his son, paternal worship for his offspring shining in his fine eyes.

"Come here, Gerald."

"Yes, sir?"

"Your grandfather's portrait there—see it? You were proud of that when you were a youngster. You used to boast about it to your friends: 'My grandfather, Commodo're Gerald Braithwaite.' Nor were you ashamed of my portrait or my record. I'm not going to lecture, lad. I know that you recognise the gravity of it as keenly as I. I would that I might help you. But I can't. It's sink or swim by yourself. The little frame under your portrait is vacant. See to it that it doesn't suffer by contrast with mine and my father's. We live for posterity, lad. The world to come will not understand that your weakness was a disease. It will condemn unqualifiedly. It is your task to make that condemnation impossible. You are a Navy Braithwaite. That's all. God grant you your chance on this cruise. You will win . . . because you *must*!"

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The ticking of the ancient clock in the corner was all that broke the surcharged silence. The hands of the two met.

"My boy—"

"Father! I'll try!"

"You will succeed!"

"I will succeed!"

He departed abruptly. He swung rapidly down the street, shoulders squared, head up, the light of the Navy Braithwaites flashing from his eyes. A new lease on life! At the dock he leaped into the waiting steam launch and curtly barked his orders.

The launch swung away from the docks and picked its way among the shipping. Its whistle tooted as it shot into the channel, making for the *Orcel*.

Braithwaite sat aft and stared at the giant ship as she lay massive and inert. He thrilled to the sheer, brute strength of the battle-cruiser; he was part of her, part of this great cog in the modern Navy, as his father and the father before him had been component parts of the old Navy.

He gazed at the ship as though he had never seen her before. This was his haven of opportunity. He took in every line affectionately. H.M.S. *Orcel* was admirably equipped for the work of the immediate future. Flanking her thirteen-inch turrets, and protected by fourteen inches of Harveyised steel, she carried two each of eleven- and nine-inch Honotoria and Canet rifles, fore and aft. Her superstructure bristled with lighter rapid-fire guns, while five black dots in the fore and main masts indicated the presence of her hundred-thousand-candle-power searchlights, now carefully covered.

As the trim little launch slipped alongside the grey fighting monster, a seaman caught, with a boat-hook, the line suspended from the starboard boat-boom—the horizontal spar which jutted from the ship's side. The boat was made fast and Braithwaite, feeling more the man than he had in years, scrambled nimbly up the ladder and stepped on to the immaculately swabbed deck.

Captain Reynolds had been waiting for him, and the two officers clasped hands. The senior spoke.

"You wished your father good-bye?"

"Yes. And I want to thank you for—"

"Tut, tut, lad! Words are nothing. Show your appreciation by actions on the cruise. Remember, I'm fighting with you!"

"Thanks, Captain. Thank you!"

Then the strict code of naval etiquette, dropped for the moment, resumed its sway. The captain's voice became crisp.

"You will see to your magazines, Lieutenant, and report to Mr. Keightley. Whatever is needed must be put aboard before nightfall. We get under way at daylight."

Braithwaite saluted punctiliously. "Aye, aye, sir." He turned smartly on his heel and strode aft.



A squat, portly little man sat hunched over a shining brass tank which was screwed fast to a work bench. His gargoyle head, sunk upon his narrow chest, grotesquely out of proportion to the rest of him, and the ferocity of his bristling moustache, was given the lie by the diminutive body and the mildly inquiring blue eyes which peered near-sightedly through a pair of thick lenses.

Herr Friedrich von Bieme, one time professor of experimental physics at Leipzig, hummed tunelessly as he worked. He was utterly oblivious to the hum and bustle of activity all about him; his watery eyes were intent on the work in hand, and the universe itself might have crumbled about him without a second's distraction of his mind. At that particular moment an air-pressure indicator on the brass tank before him abraded his thoughts to the exclusion of all else.

The needle of the indicator suddenly ceased its fluctuations and came to rest. The song of the little professor broke off abruptly; and, with a ferocity out of all keeping with his pale, watery eyes, he muttered: "Ach! Now we will show them!"

He rose to his feet and gravely waddled across the room to a telephone. The conversation was brief. Von Bieme snapped the receiver on the hook and returned to his indicator. He grinned with satisfaction.

The door flew open and a young man in the uniform of a German naval officer dashed into the room. The professor drew himself erect, reminding the lieutenant for all the world of a personification of the triumph of mind over matter.

"Herr Lieutenant, it is finished!"

The lieutenant gasped with an admixture of delight and disbelief.

"It works? Herr Professor—the Iron Cross—it is yours surely!"

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A bit of the pallor of the tiny blue eyes gave way to a gleam of triumph.

"Think of it, Herr Lieutenant: a range of five thousand yards for our torpedoes and a speed of nearly forty knots. The speediest ships cannot escape us. And the control . . . Ach!" The professor shrugged in silence, grudging admission of the fact that he could not do justice to the possibilities of his invention. "And to you, my friend," he continued, "to you shall be given the honour of the first shot."

The lieutenant saluted.

"An honour, Herr Professor. I, too, have been busy, and the *Keil* is ready. It is an obsolete submarine they have given us for our experiments, but we shall show these sceptics, shall we not? They laugh at our unwieldy torpedo-tube and its tremendous proportions. Ah! but we shall show them. Think of it! A twenty-four inch, twin-screw torpedo!"

"And the trajectory," breathed the professor rapturously. "The beautiful, beautiful trajectory. A thousand—two thousand yards ahead. And then, Herr Lieutenant, consider it . . . *at a right angle from the course it is fired! A right angle!*"

"They will not scoff when they have seen the right-angle trajectory," said the young officer seriously. "They will not scoff when—The telephone!" He broke off and turned to the thrumming instrument. His face brightened. He answered briefly, then turned the receiver over to the professor.

The squat figure of the man stiffened to military erectness at the sound of the voice at the other end, and his own enunciation became crisp and precise.

"It is finished, Excellency. At your headquarters? Immediately, Excellency. The Herr Lieutenant and I will come at once."

He turned from the telephone.

"It is he, my friend," he said solemnly. "Come!"

The lieutenant held open the door while the professor took from a cabinet an envelope, which he placed in an inner pocket. He handled the packet reverently. Together they made their way to the street where a motor awaited them.

"To Herr von Titzel!" the lieutenant ordered briefly. The car sped forward, and the little professor slumped down into the

corner, his lips mumbling soundlessly, his eyes blazing with the light of the scientist triumphant.

The car stopped suddenly before a long, low, rambling structure, and the ill-assorted pair alighted. The lieutenant bade the chauffeur wait, and they made their way into an ante-room. A few minutes' delay, and they were ushered into the presence of the man on whose broad shoulders rested the burdens of an empire. The orderly droned his announcement:

"Herr Professor Friedrich von Bieme, and Herr Lieutenant Arnold Scherwein."

In the centre of the room stood a large, flat-topped desk, behind which, intent over a war map, sat the profusely bearded, brilliant commander-in-chief of the empire's sea forces.

For perhaps five minutes he gave no heed to the men who stood rigidly at attention by the door. He traced lines with his stubby fingers on the map, and occasionally stuck a pin into an appointed spot. Then, with a nervous movement, he pushed his chair back, rose, and advanced.

When he spoke his words cracked out like the rapid fire of a Gatling: not a word wasted, each one stressed to convey a maximum of meaning.

"Be seated, Herr Professor . . . Lieutenant."

The professor, his big brow furrowed in thought, leaned forward, already oblivious to the personality in whose presence he sat. The admiral paced the room. Suddenly his great voice boomed out.

"Now, Herr Professor, what have you? Explain everything—and briefly!"

"A torpedo, Excellency. Usual fan and detonator; charge, four hundred pounds wet gun-cotton; air-driven; forty-knot speed for two thousand yards dead ahead from point of discharge, then a sharp turn at right angles"—the professor flushed as he felt the boring gaze of the admiral upon him—"at right angles, and then approximately two thousand yards at a thirty-knot speed on the new course."

"A right-angle trajectory? You have the plan?"

The professor produced the envelope containing his drawings. The admiral's eyes followed the hypertechnical explanations of the professor, now completely lost to all save his invention.

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" . . . And this," the little professor finished in a subdued, awed whisper, his glasses almost touching the drawing, " this cog, Excellency, working thus . . . we have the right-angle trajectory ! "

The admiral raised an expressionless face.

" Your tube is installed on the *Keil* ? "

" Yes, Excellency."

" How many days will you need to complete two of these torpedoes ? "

" Three days," replied the professor earnestly, " provided I am allowed to supervise the construction in person."

The answer of the admiral was characteristic. He pulled the big map before him and placed his finger on a certain point.

" Your attention, Lieutenant. The director of the *Eisenbahn* will be instructed to furnish you equipment immediately. When everything is ready you will transport the *Keil* overland, thus—" And the admiral's finger deftly traced a comprehensive line through Bavaria, tortuously through Salzburg, across Hungary, then rapidly down again until it stopped at a tiny dot which denoted a little Adriatic port. "Here," finished the admiral, " you will launch the *Keil* and await the arrival of Herr Capitän von Bieme."

The eyes of the professor blazed.

" Herr Capitän ? "

" Men and material will be immediately placed at your disposal, Capitän. You will take your torpedoes overland, following the lieutenant and the *Keil*. You will embark here," touching the little Adriatic port, " and you will proceed south across the Adriatic into the Mediterranean."

" But, Excellency," blurted out the lieutenant impulsively. " That is impossible. The submarine you have given us—the *Keil*—is obsolete. Her engines are inadequate. It is not possible. It cannot be accom—"

The admiral's arm flung out in a wordless gesture of rebuke.

" On your cruise remember this, Herr Capitan: in no circumstances shall one of these new torpedoes fall into enemy hands. *In no circumstances !*"

" I understand, Excellency." It was all very matter-of-fact—this trial for the startling invention and the donation of an obsolete submarine for experimental purposes in the enemy-infested Mediterranean.

The penetrating eyes of the grizzled

admiral held those of the little professor.

" Here"—he rested his finger on a spot in the Mediterranean between the islands of Ustica and Sicily—" the British battle-cruiser *Orcel*, the first of a new and efficient type, is on duty. *Sink her !* That is all."

They left: a youthful naval lieutenant and a former professor of experimental physics, to attack, with an obsolete submarine, a super battle-cruiser of the British Navy.



H.M.S. *Orcel* swallowed lazily on the bosom of the Mediterranean. On her starboard the island of Sicily was faintly visible through the mist. The ship rolled idly. She seemed magnificently certain of herself and her martial equipment.

Made fast to the starboard boat-boom was the dispatch-boat from the temporary naval base at Palermo. Its arrival had been hailed with glee by officers and men, for it brought with it the first mail since the departure from Liverpool.

The boatswain in command of her clambered up the ladder, vaulted aboard, and made his way to the captain.

" Admiral Weyland's compliments to Captain Reynolds, sir. The English mail for the *Orcel*, and Admiral Weyland's advices, sir, to proceed with the *Orcel* to Palermo to-morrow."

" Very good." The captain saluted, and the boatswain withdrew. Reynolds turned to the young officer who stood beside him. He smiled slightly.

" Palermo to-morrow," he chuckled. " Hear that, Braithwaite ? "

" Yes, sir." Something in his tone arrested the attention of the captain. He glanced at him sharply and saw that the junior's face was tensely set. The captain rested his hand on the younger man's shoulder and spoke quietly.

" Easy there, lad, easy."

Braithwaite shrugged nervously.

" That's not difficult to say, sir. But shore leave—" He swung on his heel.

Reynolds stared after him for a long time, then shook his head sadly.

" Poor boy ! Poor, poor lad ! "



The submarine *Keil* ploughed sluggishly through the Mediterranean at a fifty-foot depth. In the glow of a dim electric light



"You will win . . . because you *must*!"
The hands of the two met"—p. 491.

Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson.

Herr Capitän Friedrich von Bieme pored over a ponderous monograph on the dissociation of atoms.

For the moment he neither knew nor cared where he was. So immersed was he, in fact, that he paid no heed to the sudden burst of activity among the men forward as they bustled about with quick alertness; nor did he know that the motor hummed in diminuendo indicating that the power had been shut off. He heard none of the nervous, sharp commands of the young

lieutenant, and it was not until that individual tapped him on one skinny shou'lder that he raised his eyes from the book in a sudden mild anger against interruption, but as he took in the appearance of the lieutenant's face he dropped his book.

"What is it?"

"A leak, Herr Capitän; a leak in the shaft. We have stopped it, but—see for yourself," and he indicated the water awash in the depressed engine-pit.

The professor shook his head slowly.

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"Hm! We are sinking?"

The lieutenant pointed to the depth indicator. "Yes, sir."

"What reads it?"

"One hundred and twenty feet, Herr Capitän."

The mind of the little professor was purely mechanical. His emotional self had either never existed or had been killed. The personal element of the ghastly situation did not strike him.

"Blow out your ballast-tanks. Then come back to me."

The lieutenant, plainly frightened, dashed away to obey orders. The professor amused himself by impersonally watching the depth-indicator.

"One hundred and thirty . . . ah!"

The water was discharged from the submarine's ballast-tanks, and the consequent lightening of the ship caused the needle to drift reluctantly back to one hundred and twenty-eight feet. But below that figure it refused to go.

The little professor waddled amidships.

"You have air?"

"Plenty, sir," returned the lieutenant.

"Can we pump?"

"No, sir." The professor's eyes travelled to the half-submerged engine-pit with its thoroughly soaked motor. One glance sufficed to show that a short-circuit, with the attendant racking of insulation, was inevitable if the power were turned on.

Mechanical trouble! In an instant the professor was oblivious to all else. He ran his gaze keenly over the storage batteries—a hundred jars of sulphuric acid and lead—in peril from the sloshing salt sea-water. His trained mind busied itself with the inevitable chemical reactions.

"One jar has already shipped water," he snapped suddenly. "Disconnect your generator and batteries and rip them out."

The lieutenant and electrician set feverishly to work. The professor's muttered statement of chemical reaction had plainly indicated the grave danger—the generation of chlorin gas.

The depth-indicator fluctuated sluggishly between one hundred and twenty-six and one hundred and twenty-eight feet.

"A few pounds," he muttered; "a very few; and we have our reserve buoyancy." He turned to the lieutenant. "You have your position?"

"Observations taken at noon, Herr Capitän. Dead reckoning from then. We are within fifty miles of the island of Sicily."

"Mm! Hmm! Then we should sight, were we at the surface, the *Orcel*?"

"Probab'y."

The professor hustled forward officiously and busied himself over one of the huge, glistening torpedoes.

"Your assistance here, Lieutenant," he commanded. "You will unscrew the fan wheels and detonator."

"But why—?"

"Order, Lieutenant!" The young man subsided.

He set to work while the professor pulled upright a little curved blade in the top of the torpedo and tripped forward a tiny lever. The twin propellers of the torpedo raced eagerly, and a back rush of air flooded the submarine. In a short time the compressed-air engines were exhausted and the propellers once more idle. Von Bieme paid no further heed to the young officer, but worked busily over the torpedo, loosening a screw here and a screw there. A little plate from the side of the torpedo came away in his hand and he grunted with satisfaction. He turned to the lieutenant, who had been watching in bewilderment.

"Now, Herr Lieutenant, you will discharge it. It will sink immediately."

"Herr Capitän! Discharge it? But surely—?"

"You will discharge it."

"We have but two—"

The wizened professor raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"We will have one left."

"Yes—?"

"And," quietly, "we have but one ship to sink!"

The racial calm of the young lieutenant was punctured. To lose one of the magnificent torpedoes, leaving but one?

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant; but only one ship to sink, have we not? These torpedoes were made under my personal supervision. They cannot go wrong. And the ejection of this will sufficiently lighten us. Our reserve buoyancy will drift us to the surface."

The lieutenant flushed with a slight show of anger.

"Yes, we will come to the surface in the awa-h state, showing our conning-tower

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natch. A beautiful target for the *Orcel*. The condition of the *Keil* will make it impossible for us to dive again, and the *Orcel* will batter us."

" You forget, Herr Lieutenant. When we get within range the *Orcel* will sink. And our orders are to sink the *Orcel*. Once that is accomplished we may think for ourselves. Until then . . . Discharge this torpedo, Herr Lieutenant."

The torpedo was pushed, not without considerable effort, to the tube; and when the breech opened, the mechanism slid easily into its appointed place, and the breech was closed. The lieutenant lifted the lever controlling the water-port; the tube was flooded; the compressed air snapped on, and a coughing thud attested to the torpedo's discharge. Then there was an inrush of water to the tube, a second charge of air, and the water was b'own back.

The nose of the submarine lifted violently.

" Amidships with that torpedo aft!" barked the lieutenant; and four members of the crew hastened to obey. The ship once again on an even keel, drifted upward slowly, its progress marked by the delicate needle on the indicator dial. The ascent was painfully deliberate, but at last streaks of brightness at the dead light indicated that the rise had ended and the indicator needle came to rest at zero.

The lieutenant ascended the ladder leading into the conning-tower hatch and exerted his full strength on the circular steel lid. It rose slowly part way, then, caught by its spring which worked past a dead centre, snapped back suddenly, and the brilliant sunshine flooded down.

The gasoline engine was started—fortunately the sparkers had remained dry—and the submarine, in the awash state, as prophesied by the lieutenant, and showing only its hatch and a tiny, glinting portion of the almost submerged deck, limped forward at half-speed, diving rudder inclined to balance against the wash of water in the engine-pit.

The lieutenant remained on look-out, binoculars in hand. Two hours later he hailed the little professor.

" *Orcel* off the port bow, Herr Capitän!"

The little man mounted to the side of the lieutenant, took position at the small air-steering wheel in the conning-tower, and spoke softly.

" Soon," he said, " we shall show them, eh? You will approach carefully, slowly. I shall attend to the torpedo. Nothing must go wrong."

He made his way below to the torpedo. Water was admitted into the after tanks to trim ship as the torpedo slid into the tube. The electrician stood by, hand on the port lever, ready to flood the tube with water on command.

The little professor stood erect, eyes blazing and body vibrant with exaltation.

" We shall show them. . . . Now we shall show them."



The captain of the *Orcel* re-read the last of his letters and reluctantly placed them in his pocket. He paced the deck thoughtfully, hands clasped behind his broad back, his mind back in England, at home.

A sub-lieutenant hurried aft with a comic admixture of haste and dignity. He saluted smartly.

" What is it?" questioned Reynolds.

" Lieutenant Braithwaite, sir."

Reynolds stiffened.

" I have just learned that a hospital steward took a quart of whisky to him about twenty minutes ago, sir. You asked to be advised, sir."

" Very good." The captain swung about and strode swiftly to the after-hatch, followed by the sub-lieutenant. At the foot of the ladder the sub-lieutenant dropped behind to whisper discreetly to the torpedo officer, and he joined the procession to Braithwaite's quarters.

At the door Captain Reynolds paused. His figure seemed to sag, for the reek of whisky was plain. He flung open the door and stepped across the threshold. The room was permeated with the odour, and Braithwaite was standing by an open port, staring out across the waves, muttering foolishly under his breath.

The captain spoke sharply.

" Lieutenant Braithwaite!"

Braithwaite swayed drunkenly as he turned to face his superior. He clutched a half-empty bottle in his right hand. Lost was his jauntiness, lost his dignity, his manhood. The only gleam of hope lay in the fact that he was not yet completely drunk. He had imbibed just enough liquor to be in an ugly, fighting mood.

" What y' want?" he growled surly.

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The captain's eyes narrowed. "Throw that bottle out of the port!"

Braithwaite eyed the captain sullenly, but made no move to obey. The junior officers in the doorway stared as though petrified.

"Lieutenant Braithwaite!"

"Yes, I heard you."

"Throw that bottle out. Immediately!" An ominous fighting tenseness crept into the captain's voice.

Braithwaite mumbled something under his breath, and the captain took a step forward, extending his hand.

"Give me that bottle!"

Braithwaite backed slowly, bringing up with his back against the bulkhead.

"Quickly! That bottle!"

Bleared eyes burned into the clear ones of the captain.

"I will not!" The voice was raised a bit.

Open defiance! The captain's face went white. He stepped close to Braithwaite.

"I don't believe I understand you."

"Yes, you do!" The voice of the intoxicated lieutenant grew hysterically, maudlinly defiant. "I said I would not. Do you unerstan' that?"

Like a flash the captain's hand went out, and the bottle was jerked from Braithwaite's fingers. For a second they stared at one another, and then a red mist swam before the lieutenant's bleared eyes. Almost unconsciously his powerful fist shot out, and the bottle crashed to the floor as the captain staggered back, a big, ugly, red blotch forming on his cheek. The two officers dashed into the room.

The captain straightened slowly. His eyes were blazing with fury, but he did not lose his magnificent self-control. He waved the two younger officers back and flamed his gaze on Braithwaite.

"Lieutenant Braithwaite," he ordered through clenched teeth—and the repressed fury in his tones sobered that young man considerably—"you will go ashore in the dispatch-boat and report to Admiral Weyland, under arrest!"

He turned abruptly and strode from the cabin, the two officers following. The sub-lieutenant spoke to his companion in a subdued, awe-stricken voice. "That ends his service career."

The torpedo lieutenant nodded slowly.

"And good riddance too," snapped the sub-lieutenant. The other wheeled round.

"The less you air your personal opinions the better, sir!" He strode away.

Braithwaite stumbled blindly across the room and closed the door. A dull apathy had gripped him, replacing the fury of intoxication. His face was intensely pale. The end had come, and the tragedy of it sobered him as nothing else in the world could have done.

He was sick at heart. He even contemplated suicide. Then a spark of the spirit of his fighting forbears came uppermost. His jaw squared. He determined to take his medicine. After that . . . He left his cabin and ascended to the deck. Looking neither to the right nor left, he crossed to starboard, climbed dully on to the boat-boom amidships, and descended the rope-ladder to the deck of the little dispatch-boat. The boatswain followed him, a puzzled light in his eyes. He saluted.

"Going with us, Lieutenant?"

Braithwaite nodded. "I shall take her back to Palermo," he advised. The boatswain saluted again, and Braithwaite walked forward to the deck steering-wheel.

The line was cast off, and Braithwaite whirled the steering-wheel. "My last cruise," he muttered heavily. The dispatch-boat drifted slowly astern the *Orcel*, her engineer awaiting signals.

Meanwhile, Captain Reynold's paced slowly back and forth on the upper bridge of the *Orcel*. He was tired—infinitely tired—and terribly sick at heart. The boy . . . An excited hail from the foremast lookout broke sharply into his reverie.

"Submarine on the starboard bow!"

The captain's trained eyes leaped to starboard. The torpedo lieutenant bounded to his side and thrust into his hands a pair of binoculars. With the aid of these he swept the waters. Far off he vaguely discerned the low deck and the conning tower hatch of a partially submerged submarine.

The executive officer had mounted to the bridge, and to him the captain turned a puzzled face.

"Has there been any notice of our submarines in these waters?"

The executive officer wasted no words in answer.

"None, sir."

The captain spoke quietly to the executive



"The dispatch-boat was flashing at full speed directly into the path of the onrushing torpedo" —p. 411.

*Drawn by
E. S. H. (dgsc).*

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othicer, who barked commands. In a jiffy a string of signal flags fluttered from the halyards of the *Orcel*, spelling the questions, "Who are you? Where bound?"

The answer was simple and directly to the point.

"Submarine *Keil*. Imperial German Navy. On His Majesty's service!"

The executive officer scratched his head in perplexity. "The blithering ass!" he ejaculated. "He must be insane."

The torpedo-lieutenant spoke rapidly to the captain. He was expert in his line, and the captain listened attentively.

"It's the *Keil* all right, sir; one of the obsolete 1908 boats. How she ever got out here beats me. It is quite evident that she is in trouble—in all probability a leak. She is steering with her diving rudders down. . . . I should say that she cannot dive."

The captain ripped out an order, and a new set of signals broke out from the *Orcel's* masthead.

"Heave to, or take the consequences!"

The answer of the helpless submarine was typical of Herr Professor Friedrich von Bieme. A streak of frothy bubbles appeared from the nose of the submarine.

The executive officer, galvanised into action by the seemingly absurd defiance of the little submarine, leaped for a telephone, but the torpedo-lieutenant grabbed his arm.

"Don't fire, man!" he yelled. "Look where's she's going!"

They gazed; the torpedo was scooting along a thousand yards to starboard parallel to the ship. Apparently the *Orcel* was not in the slightest danger.

"She'll miss us a mile," howled the torpedo-lieutenant. "Then, when her power gives out, she'll float. We'll pick her up. I can use it. Whitehead torpedo—standardised," he explained needlessly. "It's good for from two thousand to two thousand five hundred yards in the direction aimed. That sub is in a bad fix, too, else she would have come around to fire at us direct. Perhaps she's just trying to lighten herself."

All eyes were focused on the torpedo. The executive officer appealed to the captain.

"Shall we sink her?"

The captain spoke briefly into a telephone.

"For'ard turret! You will sink the submarine to your starboard!"

A forward turret thirteen-inch gun boomed out, and the big ship trembled as the thousand-pound messenger of destruction went hurtling across the sun-kissed waves of the Mediterranean. A huge geyser spouted astern the submarine. "Over-shot!" muttered the lieutenant.

Again a thirteen-inch gun boomed. Scarcely had the sound died when the cry of the torpedo-lieutenant, whose attention had been held by the torpedo, broke in on the disinterested calmness of his fellow officers.

"The torpedo! Look!" In his excitement he clutched the captain by a shoulder and swung him round forcibly.

The torpedo had swung at a right angle, and was now rushing at a thirty-knot speed, straight towards the side of the *Orcel*. Under incisive orders the secondary starboard battery commenced a spume of shot at the onrushing cylinder.

The captain leaped ahead and threw over the indicator of the engine-room dial. In the bowels of the ship, seven bells—full speed ahead—rang out. The action was performed mechanically, for even the captain himself recognised the utter hopelessness of it. He snapped a brief, hopeless order to the executive, and a bugle sharply blared the command to abandon ship. Men poured from the *Orcel's* hatches, fore, aft and amidships.

The torpedo lieutenant, the fire of his profession uppermost, raged up and down the bridge.

"A right-angle trajectory! Right angle! Oh! if I could only see it—ee how it works!"

The bugle repeated the shrill "Abandon ship" call, and the crew stood ready. A sub-lieutenant was the first to see, and his boyish voice tremoloed hysterically in the air.

"The dispatch-boat!" he screamed, pointing wildly to starboard. "Look!"

The little craft, at full speed, and belching black clouds of smoke, was leaping through the water from her position astern the *Orcel*. The captain swung his binoculars and made out the figure of Lieutenant Braithwaite at the wheel. His heart pounded as he took in the situation.

Under Braithwaite's expert guidance the

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dispatch-boat was flashing at full speed directly into the path of the onrushing torpedo.

The captain saw Braithwaite's lips move. He saw the crew of the dispatch-boat, heretofore lined at the rail, life-preservers already donned, leap wildly into the water.

On came the lethal torpedo. Straight across its course raced the dispatch-boat. Again Braithwaite's lips were moving. . . .

"I wonder," mused the captain, "if the lad is praying!"

Officers and men hung over the side and watched the battle which meant life or death to all of them. They were tensely silent, or muttering foolishly. The torpedo-lieutenant seemed to have become demented.

"He can't make it—he *can't*!" he shrieked.

The boat and torpedo came closer, closer. The captain, spell-bound, watched Braithwaite alter his course slightly so that he might be more certain of meeting the weapon of death from the enemy submarine. They were almost together now—the torpedo would get by!

There came a muffled roar and a cloud of water was lifted high into the air. The men aboard the *Orcel* dived for shelter from the hail of iron and splinters which descended clattering to the deck. One seaman was struck and fell unconscious.

Four hundred pounds of gun-cotton, exploding on impact, had wiped the dispatch-boat from the seas!



The old butler instinctively brushed a bit of dust from the brass door-plate. He entered the house and handed a newspaper to the old vice-admiral, erect in his cushioned chair.

In the old eyes of the admiral was a light

of infinite sorrow; yet one studying the expression closely would have adjudged him near to exaltation. Slowly he unfolded the newspaper.

"Listen, Henry," he said softly, proudly. "I will read you what they have to say about—about—Gerald."

His voice rang through the musty old room.

" . . . And so the last and greatest of the Navy Braithwaites met death unflinchingly that he might save a ship and its complement. We have in the past made uncomplimentary mention of Lieutenant Braithwaite. We can do no more than to pay him and the name he bore our sincerest tribute. He was a man, and as a man he died!"

Old Henry brushed his hand across his eyes, unashamed of the tears.

"See yonder!" The admiral pointed to the three full-length portraits on the wall before him.

Beneath that of the commodore hung the beribboned medals; beneath his own the small vice-admiral's flag and a Distinguished Service bar on a bit of faded blue ribbon. But no longer was the plate below the third portrait empty. The old admiral read slowly:

GERALD BRAITHWAITE

LIEUTENANT, R.N.

LOST IN ACTION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Pro Patria

His eyes dropped to that which hung proudly beneath the plate. A small Maltese cross strung on a blue ribbon; in its centre a crown surmounted by a lion, and deeply indented on the scroll were the words, "For Valour."

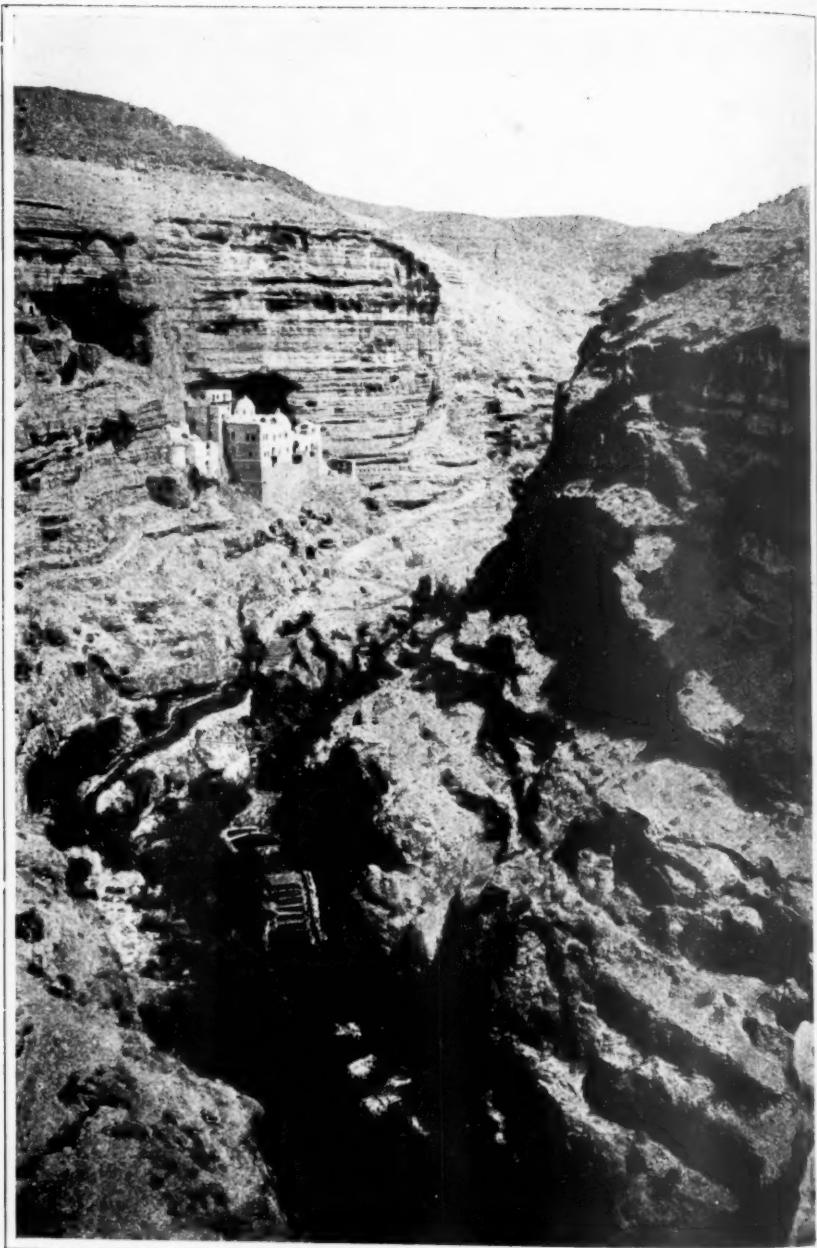


DO YOU KNOW A WOUNDED SOLDIER?

How many Wounded Soldiers do you know? Many? One?

You will be doing them a service by passing on THE QUIVER after you have read it.

And be sure to point out the Motto Competition.



**"There are deep, rugged gorges through
which the traveller passes with fear"—p. 414**

*Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

This is the gorge through which runs the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by ravens.



"Where the picturesque native women still draw water from the wells"—p. 414.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

THE PEOPLE WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Will the Jews return to the Holy Land?

By HERBERT D. WILLIAMS

MOST people are familiar with the story of the Wandering Jew. The legend tells how Jesus was on His way to the Cross when an angry Jew named Malchus struck Him, with the words: "Go, Jesus; go on faster." To which Jesus answered: "I go, but thou shalt wait till I return."

Ever since then, the story continues, the Wandering Jew has lived on, turning up at different times, perpetually ageing and renewing his youth, but finding no peace on the face of the earth till Christ shall come again.

The legend is symbolic of the fate of the Jewish people.

The Jews are the miracle of history. It is the inevitable fate of scattered peoples

to lose their identity, to merge themselves into the peoples with whom they make their home. We descendants of Danes and Saxons, Normans and Celts, are living testimonies to this universal rule. Before our eyes we are seeing the same thing applied in the United States of America, where the German-Americans the Kaiser relied upon are to-day fighting against him, and to-morrow will be indistinguishable from their fellow-citizens of Pilgrim Father origin.

The people without a country lose their identity and re-find themselves as countrymen of the land of their adoption. But the exception to the rule is the Jewish people. Exiled from home for eighteen hundred

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years, they still hold to their identity, their physical and national traits, their religious laws and customs. The Jews are to be found in every civilised country in the globe, but everywhere a separate people.

Their survival has not been due to favourable treatment. Their long history is a record of persecution and proscription. The Romans and their Christian successors ill-

ancient home. Shall we see history repeat itself, and the British Government play the part of Cyrus with, say, Lord Rothschild as a second Nehemiah? When Jerusalem was captured it was officially suggested that the Holy Land should be made the home-subject to international control—of a Jewish State. The proposal was received with great enthusiasm among the Jews, and it is probable that, when the terms of peace come to be arranged, the project will have very powerful backing.

Some people have held unfavourable opinions on the possibilities of Palestine. It is unfortunate that, thanks to the misrule of its past conquerors much of the land no longer deserves the description "flowing with milk and honey." Yet those who know claim that Joshua's words may yet be true again.

There is a great agricultural future for Palestine. Of course, not all the land is suited for the plough. There are deep, rugged gorges through which the traveller passes with fear—like the "valley of the shadow of death" of the Psalmist. These will retain their interest for the tourist and the Bible-lover, when once again communications are opened. But there are goodly places where the ground has only to be scratched to make it



The Land of Sacred Memorials:
The Tomb of Lazarus, Bethany.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

treated them; in France in the Middle Ages their history is a series of successive massacres. In England they grew in wealth—and in unpopularity; in Germany they were bought and sold as slaves of the King; in Spain, after a fleeting age of gold, they were tortured and burnt alive in thousands, their remnants exiled. In Russia they have dwelt to this day "beyond the pale," uncertain toleration varied by ruthless pogroms.

Yet they have survived, and once again they are turning their eyes towards their

prodigally fertile. Where the picturesque native women still draw water from the wells, irrigation with modern methods will work miracles.

It may be, in the near future, when America wants all the corn it can grow for its own vast population, we may keep things going with the wheat and barley of Palestine. It may also be possible, by that time that we shall be importing from the Holy Land not only the well-known Jaffa oranges but ample supplies of vegetables, apples



"He shall be a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem."

One of the Jews living in the Holy City.

Photo: American Colony
Jerusalem.

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pears, almonds, lemons, peaches, apricots, plums, bananas, grapes, figs, dates, olive oil, macaroni, and even cotton, soap—and, still further—sugar!

Will the Jews who now discuss the Stock Exchange and the Synagogue on the Brighton front go back to Palestine to till the soil? It is not quite probable. Here again history will repeat itself. When Ezra returned from the captivity he was accompanied by the poor classes, large with hope but scanty of means. The trading classes had waxed rich in Babylon; they had established their roots, and did not wish to be disturbed, despite the spiritual prospect.

We shall not lose our Jewish money-making and money-lending fraternity. But there are thousands of their less fortunate brethren who would be glad to till the soil and re-establish the agricultural wealth of their own land.

The establishment of a separate Jewish State, however, has possibilities apart from this. The Jews have among their co-

religionists wealthy and influential citizens in various countries, and they are able to exert a great deal of power. But they have no State behind them to support them in case of need.

If some scheme could be devised for a Jewish central government with its ambassadors among the nations, it would do a great deal to prevent the ill-treatment which even now falls to their lot in the lesser civilised States of the world.

A Jewish State, too, ought to make for peace. We have Jews fighting with us, in the various armies of the Allies, but it must be remembered that the Jews are a numerous body in Germany, many of them fighting against us. Some of the most influential leaders of the social democratic party in Germany are Jews.

If Jews from Germany can meet Jews from other nations, at their own capital at Jerusalem, it surely ought to help in the unity of nations we are all hoping to see established.



* And in the garden a sepulchre."

This is where General Gordon believed the tomb of Jesus to be. Many Protestants have made their Easter pilgrimage to this spot.

Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.



"So Mr. Barnacle is going to the war?" said Cicely "—p. 419.

Drawn by
Stanley Latté.

AN ENGLISH ROSE

By

DAVID LYALL

CHAPTER XVI

Cicely gets to Work

WHEN the scheme was first propounded to Lady Steering she looked simply aghast.

"Barnacle to enlist! Of course it's his duty, and I am quite pleased about that. I shall tell him so, though I think he ought to have consulted me first. But you and Joyce to carry on at Steering Hall? I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"We just want to try a little experiment, dear mother," said Joyce, who, according to arrangement, was told off to do the talking. "You know how the Government is calling out for women to go on the land. Cicely

and I think that now Barnacle is going it would be the most splendid opportunity for us to set an example to the county."

"I still don't understand," said Lady Steering, with that air of sweet helplessness which had been one of her principal assets all her life in obtaining what she wished.

"Cicely, you explain, for you really know more about it."

Cicely suddenly slid from her place on the end of the couch and knelt on the floor by her mother-in-law's knee.

"As Joyce has given me leave to speak, may I ask first whether you would really like me to stop on at Deverilis?"

The face looking up into hers was so sweet and appealing that Lady Steering's hand

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involuntarily stole out to fall caressingly on her head.

"Why, of course! You have been here a fortnight, and I hoped you were beginning to feel at home."

"I feel quite at home, and you have all been simply sweet to me. But, you see, I have been accustomed to an active life, and unless I get something to do I shall have to go back soon to the war zone."

"But what do you know about the land? And with harvest coming on, too!"

"It wouldn't be quite left to our tender mercies, dear. We've been making inquiries, and we can commandeer Graves from here, and there is another ineligible and two boys at the Hall. If we could get together a band of capable, strong, young women, I think we could manage the harvest."

"You talk as if you had been taking expert advice."

"So we have. We asked Captain Elphinstone. He has a large estate in Scotland, and he knows all about everything. And so long as he is adjutant at Collisey Barracks we could always ask him. He thinks our scheme perfectly feasible."

"Does he? He is a very nice man, and, as you say, ought to be an expert. He must come and see me and talk it over. We don't want to make a foolish step, Cicely, nor to be the laughing-stock of the county."

"I'll take care of that," said Cicely firmly. "And Joyce has no qualms."

"None at all," said Joyce airily. "And I've made a sketch of the most dinkey uniform, mother-made of khaki drill! It needn't cost much. I'll cut them out, and Lewis will run them up on her machine. She's awfully clever at it. And we shall be an example to the whole county. I shouldn't wonder, Cicely, if we had them down from the Ministry of Agriculture to inspect and take notes!"

The enthusiasm, the boundless hope of these young creatures was undoubtedly infectious. Lady Steering looked fondly from one young face to another, and realised that she must resign herself to strange happenings for which there was no precedent in the wide world.

"Tell me more. Is it your intention to take pupils?"

"We shall want ever so many helpers. And if we are going to do our patriotic duty properly the more we can initiate the better. I'm going under Graves directly, and by the time Barnacle has to go, and we really are confronted with the harvest, I shall know more than I do now. Joyce thinks she will take on the dairy. There are such splendid premises at the Hall, we ought to have quite a big dairy. Then there are poultry and fruit-growing and preserving! Don't you see, dear Lady Steering, there is really no limit?"

"To your ambitions! I can see there are no limits to that," said Lady Steering a trifle dryly. "I must have a day or two to think it over and to consult with Captain Elphinstone, and, of course, I must send for Mr. Postlethwaite from Berkhamsted."

"I hope he is a progressive lawyer, and not a fossil," said Cicely as she jumped up. "Thanks, ever so much, darling, for not throwing too much cold water. Meanwhile we can be prospecting more thoroughly, can't we?"

Lady Steering made no active objections. The scheme opened up such new vistas that it required some time for her to readjust her perspective. The idea of these two girls, in a khaki uniform, working on the land, was certainly something of a shock; but then she received daily shocks since the war had altered everything, and so dear had Cicely become to her that she was willing to fall in with any scheme in reason which promised to keep her at *Deverills*.

Cicely had behaved with conspicuous tact and charm in a very difficult situation, had been interviewed, sympathised with, and questioned by all the old family friends, and had come triumphantly out of the ordeal and won golden opinions everywhere.

She did not know that the greatest service of all she had rendered to the disappointed mother was in enabling her to hold up her head about her son, whose record and whose fate had been so long doubtful.

"My son who died for France," were words often proudly on her lips. Then she would add tenderly: "His poor widow, darling girl, has been left to comfort me—his last gift!"

Cicely now fully understood all that had passed through Giles Steering's mind at the last, and gave him full credit for the fine feeling that had made him eager to atone. He had made her the instrument, and upon the whole she had no reason to complain of this part of her chequered destiny. She was young enough to put the shadows behind her, and take the good of every passing minute.

She wrote copious letters to her home people, and they had been down to spend a day, so that they were entirely satisfied with what had befallen her. That she was to live and die in the service, and for the benefit of the Chievelys, was unthinkable, but she was so young that there was no need for her or for any who loved her to trouble about her future, more especially when her present was so abundantly and so pleasantly assured.

A few days later Cicely took another walk alone to the Home Farm. No one knew except Cicely how cleverly Captain Elphinstone had secured his prey. He had had several interviews with Barnacle, and had been favourably impressed by certain qualities which go to the making of a good

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soldier. So he had pointed out to him at some length, and with flattering earnestness, that he was the kind of man his King and country needed; also that there was scope in the Army for his powers.

The probability that in a very short time he would receive a commission finally decided Barnacle, and he laid his resignation before Lady Steering.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when Cicely once more reached the Hall, and she guessed that, tea being over, and the hay harvest in full swing, she would be likely to find Mrs. Barnacle alone. She was fortunate; the young servant who helped the bailiff's wife to keep the house in really beautiful order was out in the fields, all hands being pressed into service on one of the rare fine afternoons of a rather precarious and unkind summer.

She was pleased to see Cicely, to whom she had taken quite a fancy. They shook hands, and Cicely was invited to come into the kitchen, where Mrs. Barnacle was making pastry for to-morrow's use. She gave herself a great many airs and graces, and her attire was not very suitable to a farmhouse kitchen, but she was a most capable housewife, and made Barnacle very comfortable.

"So Mr. Barnacle is going to the war?" said Cicely, as she sat down at the end of the pastry-table, and dropped her elbows thereon. "Aren't you most frightfully proud of him, and won't he look nice in khaki?"

"I never thought he would go. He has all along said he was among the indispensables, as he was growing food. It was Captain Elphinstone, you know—the adjutant at Collisay Barracks—who finally persuaded him. He has had his eye on him for a long time."

"But isn't he pleased about it himself, really, Mrs. Barnacle? I came to congratulate him. After the war there will be only two kinds of men—those who were in the war and those who weren't. If I were a man nothing on earth would keep me out of it."

"Joe says you have splendid pluck, Lady Steering," said Mrs. Barnacle, whereby Cicely understood that she had come under discussion at the Hall. "Yes, I think he is rather pleased, but where her ladyship is to get another bailiff, he doesn't know."

"I'm afraid she won't get one. Old Graves will have to step into the breach, and Miss Joyce and I are going to lend a hand. Of course, you've read about the Land Campaign, and know how strongly the Government is urging women to turn out and work the land?"

"You should hear Joe on that, Lady Steering. As he says, they're bound to make mistakes, handling so many big things at once. But women on the land—at least,

to do any good! You should hear Joe! He wouldn't be bothered with them himself."

"I dare say not. Of course, it would be very tiresome for a practical man like Mr. Barnacle to bring his mind to that, but, after all, in a way one has to make the best of all the available material. The same thing might be said about the soldiers, and look how splendid they are now! It is only a matter of training."

"But do you think that women have got it in them, Lady Steering? Take cows, for instance; I used to run away from cows when I married first. Their great eyes and horns simply terrified me! All that has to be got over before a thing can be done. And it was a good year before I got over it. In fact, between ourselves," she added, with a little smile creeping up over her pink cheeks, on which there was more than a suspicion of powder, "I don't care much about the brutes yet."

Cicely, enjoying herself immensely, sat back, rocking with laughter.

"I'm not afraid of cows, but, then, I was born on the land."

"Over Hatfield way—weren't you?"

"To be quite correct, it was between Welwyn and Stevenage. But what you tell me makes me more and more anxious about what I've really come to talk over. Tell me, Mrs. Barnacle, what do you propose to do while your husband is away?"

Mrs. Barnacle added a speck of flour to the other softening element on the tip of her pink nose.

"Well, you see, Lady Steering, I haven't really thought about it at all. Lady Steering has promised to keep Joe's place open, of course."

"Oh, has she?" said Cicely, and gave an inward groan. It was very like her mother-in-law, and yet it was the only thing in the circumstances to be done. A great point was being made about the hardships of those leaving good billets to enter the Army. "And in that case, you won't want to dismantle the house and go back to town!"

"Tewn? Not at all! I don't mind telling you that though I loathed the country when I came to it first, I simply love it now. There's such a nice lot of room, for one thing, and there is no doubt it is healthier. I thought, perhaps, if Lady Steering got a bachelor bailiff, he might lodge here, and I would do for him."

"Capital!" said Cicely under her breath, for this gave her the very opportunity she had come to seek.

"I came to take you into our confidence, Mrs. Barnacle. Miss Joyce and I have been talking things over, and we have taken expert opinion on the matter, and we think we are going to take over the Hall for the period of the war."

"The farm too, do you mean?" said Mrs. Barnacle perplexedly.

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"Yes. In fact, we are going to fall in with the Government mandate to women to go on the land. And I see what a splendid—in fact, perfectly indispensable—help you would be to us. I hope you are going to be willing?"

"I'd like it explained, please, Lady Steering, for I don't understand one little bit."

"Well, we shall have Graves as a sort of overseer, to keep us right in practical things, and sort out the work, just until we get the whole grasp of it. It won't take long, because we are two very determined young women, and we are in earnest. Then my idea is to get half a dozen more young women like-minded, and they would have to live here—make a hostel of it."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Barnacle, and her face fell.

"I know what you are thinking, but we shouldn't interfere with your pretty home, though I'm afraid we might want the dining-room, unless the kitchen could be adapted as a mess-room. Now I think of it, the kitchen would be better—more workman-like, and it could be made very pretty. Supposing you keep the dining-room and your own two bedrooms upstairs intact, and give us the rest? We could store the drawing-room furniture in the attics, for we should need that for a common sitting-room for the staff."

Mrs. Barnacle listened intently, her small, bird-like eyes glittering.

"Would they be ladies, or what?" she asked bluntly.

"Ladies, of course. The other sort would be too difficult. I should be afraid of them—at first, at least. And what I really would like, Mrs. Barnacle, is for you to stop on and look after us, superintend the hostel, and see to our meals. Of course, you would be paid a salary for that, and, don't you see, you could be making a little while Mr. Barnacle is away? To say nothing of the home being there for him when he gets leave."

"It sounds all right, but I don't know what Barnacle would say."

"He will be delighted, though, of course, he'll predict the most awful disasters for us. But whatever he says, we needn't mind. This is going to be our bit for the country, and you are going to help us—aren't you?"

"It would mean a lot of work. But the meals would be regular, wouldn't they?"

"We shall go like clockwork directly we get into line," said Cicely, with the full confidence and assurance of extreme youth. "And, of course, we should get a strong girl of some sort to help wash-up, etc. When we can't get anybody we'll do it ourselves. Both Miss Joyce and I know about hard work. It was because they gave her most of the washing-up to do that she left the hospital."

"Good gracious, was it? I think it sounds rather nice, all of it—your scheme, I mean. Though I don't believe for a minute you'll ever be able to work the farm. What Joe couldn't do without cartloads of worry I don't see how you are going to do at all."

"Oh! don't be discouraging. And, anyway, we can't tell till we try. May I tell Lady Steering that you would be willing to fall in with that arrangement?"

"Oh, yes, I wouldn't mind; but, of course, there's Joe—"

"But it can't affect him when he has really gone to the war; and as he is fired with patriotism too, he ought to be glad that you have such a good chance of doing real service."

"Men are queer, miss—my lady, I mean. I dare say you know that by now," said Mrs. Barnacle. "But it'll be my business to make Joe fall in. He generally does come to my way of thinking when I really lay myself out. It's all a matter of management with them. You see, they don't grow up much—not like we do. They've got to be treated, half the time, like big babies."

Now, this was an entirely new sidelight on Mr. Barnacle, and Cicely, who never missed anything, positively glowed with amusement and delight.

"What a treasure-house life is!" she murmured involuntarily, but the remark did not excite Mrs. Barnacle's curiosity.

"I saw directly I came here what a lot of management Joe would need," went on Mrs. Barnacle confidentially. "You see, he'd always lived with his mother, and had his own way. Mothers are fatal. They'd ruin any mortal thing in the male line. Boys ought to be removed from them by Act of Parliament—at sixteen, not a minute later."

"Then who would carry on their training?" asked Cicely. "They can't marry at sixteen."

"They should be sent out into the world. Landladies, or any old thing, could carry them on a bit, until the right wife comes along. But coddling and fussing, with food and other things, unless nipped in the bud is guaranteed to ruin the best man ever born."

"Oh, Mrs. Barnacle, you are delightful! I think when we are all under this dear old roof I shall get you to start writing a book on the 'Training and Management of Husbands!'"

"Oh, it's quite easy, so long as you don't let them know you're managing them. Now, about this Army business. When Captain Elphinstone came along, Joe was very blustery at first. But I knew that in his soul he hankered to go. The mistake the adjutant made was not coming to me first. I'd have had him ready for the recruiting office inside of twenty-four hours after I'd really given my mind to it. He took a week, coming most days, and twice on

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"Cicely watched Graves superintending and giving directions to the latest couple in their difficult task" — p. 424

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

Sunday. And it was me clinched the business at the last, after I'd thought it all over, and decided he'd got to go for his own sake and for the country's. The adjutant, you see, thinks there are things Joe could do for the Army that would be hard to beat."

Cicely's lips twitched.

"I am sure he is perfectly right, and we shall have him back with the V.C. or the Military Cross before we know where we are."

Mrs. Barnacle looked as if she fully expected it.

"I shouldn't wonder. Joe can be very set on anything if it suits him, and if they treat him well in the Army, he'll do them credit. He isn't a man you can drive. I soon found out that. They say, about the place, he has a temper. He has never showed it to me, not since the first year, before I knew my job."

"Oh, Mrs. Barnacle, you positively *are* delicious! And that book must get written," cried Cicely in perfect sincerity. "Now I must go. And *may* I tell, Lady Steering you are willing to stop on here and do for us?"

"I think so. But do you mean that you and Miss Joyce would live here with them?"

"Yes, of course. I shall have to keep my recruits under my own eye. I'll be the C.O., Miss Joyce the adjutant, and you our

quartermaster-general. How does that sound?"

"Splendid! How clever you are, Lady Steering, and what an example you show us! Most women in your shoes would have been thinking of nothing but their own hard luck."

Cicely turned away rather hastily at that, fully aware that Mrs. Barnacle was taking the popular view of the situation.

"There isn't time for anything just now but service, and we have no private griefs—only national ones, Mrs. Barnacle," she said hastily. "Thank you so much for being so kind. You've no idea what a load you've taken from my mind, for when we do get going, I don't want to have to worry about things inside the house. Outside will probably keep us pretty lively. Now, before I go, would you mind letting me see over the house, more especially the empty rooms, to give me an idea of what we will require in the way of furnishing?"

Mrs. Barnacle, after giving an eye to the pastry reposing on the oven-shelf, accompanied her visitor up the wide stone staircase which, uncarpeted, had been such an eyesore to her, but which Cicely thought quite beautiful, with its quaint carved balustrade and worn steps. Steering Hall was the real cradle of her husband's family, and

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was of far earlier date than *Deverills*, and Cicely decided that its history would be worth looking into.

Mrs. Barnacle was further impressed by young Lady Steering's practical mind, though she did think her ideas of bare floors, camp beds, and uncurtained windows a trifle Spartan.

"We are soldiers," Cicely explained, "and we mustn't have a bit of superfluous luxury or comfort. It would be unpatriotic; we are out to win, and must show ourselves worthy the good cause."

All this sank into Mrs. Barnacle's not unimpressionable mind, and when Barnacle came in from *Colisseys* later in the day he found her in a very exalted mood.

Cicely had some shopping to do in *Much Havers*, which took her a roundabout way home, and before the post office door she found a military car, which she recognised as Captain Elphinstone's. She was looking at it with great interest, when he appeared before the post office door.

"I thought it might be you," she said brightly, "so I ventured to wait, to tell you that our scheme is getting on famously. I've commandeered Mrs. Barnacle!"

"Have you? Queer little woman; very deferential to Barnacle."

Cicely burst out laughing.

"I can't tell you all about it here, Captain Elphinstone, but Mrs. Barnacle on Barnacle, and the management of mankind generally, is just priceless! If you behave, and really give us all the help we're expecting, some of Mrs. Barnacle's tit-bits shall be your reward. They would be excellent for you, as you are a confirmed bachelor."

"Not confirmed," he said quickly enough. "Only tentative."

"Tentative? What does that mean? But there, we really haven't time for chaff. I've commandeered Mrs. Barnacle as our house-keeper, and now I've only to get the recruits. How do you do it? Can you tell me that?"

"We haven't started on the levying for an Amazon Corps yet, so my methods wouldn't suit, I'm afraid, Lady Steering. But tell me, do you mean to go and live at the Hall?"

"Yes, of course. Either Joyce or I will be C.O., the other adjutant, and Mrs. Barnacle our quartermaster-general. Sounds all right, doesn't it?"

"Topping! And I'll have to come and teach you the salutes."

"Oh! I learned all that at *Cœur la Reine*. We were very particular there."

"And when is this practical demonstration to begin?"

"As soon as ever it can be arranged. Joyce and I are going up to town to-morrow to have an interview with the powers that be at the Ministry of Agriculture. Come to

lunch on Sunday and we'll tell you the result."

"I am going to town to-morrow, too," said Captain Elphinstone. "Won't you and Miss Chievely come and lunch with me at the Automobile Club?"

"Splendid! Why, of course we will. Joyce will be delighted."

"Do you think she will?" he asked, and a certain wistfulness in his expression opened Cicely's eyes.

"I'll undertake she will. What time shall we come? Don't change your mind in the interval, because lunch at the Automobile would fortify us amazingly for the onslaught at the Ministry of Agriculture, and if you'd escort us every objection would simply go down like nine-pins. Joyce says so."

"Did she? Did she really say that? Well, please come at one o'clock. I can't get off much before eleven-thirty, and I'll motor all the way. I could take you, if you will come by car?" he added eagerly.

"Oh, that would indeed be lovely! But aren't joy-rides for women in military cars forbidden?"

"It is my car, and I buy my own petrol," he answered quite seriously. "Yes, it is quite within the law."

"Splendid! Shall we be ready, then, at eleven-thirty to-morrow morning? Joyce will be pleased!"

They parted the best of friends, and Cicely's eyes were sparkling as she struck through the woods to *Deverills*.

"Good morning's work, Cicely!" she said to herself whimsically, "and life becomes more and more interesting. Little Joyce and Captain Elphinstone! Good, very good indeed!"

CHAPTER XVII An Unexpected Visitor

CICELY rose in the grey dawn, drew her blinds, and looked across the sodden fields on which lay the chill mist of a March morning. She had had a restless night, a circumstance so unusual with her that she was puzzled to account for it.

In the twin bedstead a few feet away Joyce slept soundly and had never stirred once since they lay down soon after ten. Lights out at ten was the order of life at *Steering Hall*, and not one inmate of the house cavilled at that particular rule. In fact, the majority crept up the wide stone staircase soon after nine. Long days in the open, strenuous, unaccustomed labour—these are a quick and sure road to undisturbed sleep.

The morning air sweeping in through the wide-open casement was very cool. It had a hint of raw frost in it, and Cicely fancied

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she caught the gleam of ice on the shallow pools between the furrows, where some of her staff, under Graves's strict but quite impartial supervision, had been ploughing all the previous day.

The two girls—the C.O. and the Adjutant, as they still called themselves, Cicely's whimsical idea having crystallised—had chosen a bedroom at the back of the house on the third floor, so that they had a splendid view of the fields which stretched away from behind the farmyard and the outbuildings.

It may be said here, without entering into too many details, or recounting the set-backs and difficulties, that the experiment had turned out a complete success.

Cicely and Joyce had thrown themselves into it with a wholeheartedness which was infectious, and though they had had one or two disappointments in their recruits, on the whole they had little to complain of. There had been very little shirking on the part of those who, delicately reared, had suddenly been plunged into work of an arduous and frequently of an unpleasant kind. As usual, the shirkers were quickly weeded out, and the remaining little company of eight had settled down to work in real earnest.

Cicely had thoroughly enjoyed it and was fired with the desire to make the year a financial as well as an experimental success.

Only so, she felt, could she and Joyce justify their existence.

But for several days she had been conscious of a great and growing restlessness, a sort of feeling that something was going to happen.

She had dreamed, during the fitful spells of sleep, about *Cœur la Reine*, and strange, disturbing pictures and memories seemed to have been awakened, and she saw faces she had honestly tried to forget. Now, at twenty minutes to four, she was so wide awake that she decided that it was no use trying to court sleep again.

She wrapped herself in the voluminous folds of a blue quilted dressing-gown which Lady Steering had given her at Christmas, and tucking her feet under her, on the broad, low window sill, watched the dawn creeping up slowly over a sleeping world. Never had her brain been more active, and she began to make review of the past months. Soon it would be a year since she had come home to England. It was just a year that very week since she and her aunt had crossed the Channel *en route* for *Cœur la Reine*.

How little she had dreamed, then, of all that was in store! How impossible would have seemed the idea of being settled where she now was, learning farming in earnest and inspiring others to follow her good example! Yet she had no sense of security

or of long tenure, rather that it all might end any day!

Joyce, though very industrious and plucky, had become a little detached at intervals, since her *fiancé*, Captain Elphinstone, had gone out to the front. She now lived for his letters and spent every moment of her leisure time in writing to him. A war-wedding had been more than hinted at; it was talked about for June, and then it was quite possible that Joyce would be expected to take up her abode on the Scotch estate.

Cicely now hoped that Caroline would come home and step into the breach. She had hinted at it in some of her letters, but that morning she had a strange feeling that something definite must be decided. She was not at all sure that she would be able to persuade Caroline, because she was very happy in her work in the French canteen, and wrote delightful letters full of wit and wisdom about her experiences.

Caroline had the opportunity of expanding in every direction for the first time in her life, and Cicely was fully aware of this. Yet, with her feet curled up under her ample dressing-gown and a Tommy's writing-tablet on her knee, she wrote to Caroline at four o'clock in the morning and set forth the reasons why, in her judgment, Caroline should come home to lend a hand at Steering Hall.

Six o'clock was the rising hour at the hostel, and the bell awoke Cicely where she sat curled up on the broad, low ledge, her writing-pad on the floor and her bright head against the window-pane, with the fitful sun shining on her hair. Joyce rubbed her eyes, looked across at the twin bed, and beholding it empty, jumped.

"Gracious! Am I late again, Cis?"

"No, darling; it is I who am early. I got tired of my luxurious couch and tried a Spartan one. Don't you do it—my poor legs refuse to move!"

She hopped from her perch, a little like an uncertain bird, but smiling a trifle ruefully.

"What will you do next?" said Joyce sleepily. "Between ourselves, it's the one drawback to patriotic service—the unholy hour it calls you from your bed! I'd give just anything to sleep till I wanted to get up. I suppose, if one could do that, either one would never get up at all or be quite ready at any old hour, night or day. It's the way most people are made—quite contrary."

"Some are," said Cicely thoughtfully. "I wonder whether Maud Dacre will be sorry for shirking her job yesterday? Honestly, spreading manure is not a nice occupation, but it's got to be done. The attack will be renewed at dawn," she said, as if reading from a report of some military

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engagement. "She must do it all to-day just because of yesterday. If she falls in gracefully she'll be exempted to-morrow."

Cicely was very firm in her administrative duties, and commanded the respect and the obedience of the fellow-workers because she never asked them to do anything she was not willing to do herself.

A cup of cocoa and biscuits awaited the workers downstairs, and by half-past six they were supposed to be at their respective posts to work for an hour and a half, till the breakfast horn summoned them. After breakfast the real work in the fields began, and was continued from nine till half-past twelve, when they returned for dinner.

Two ploughs were out that morning, and after she had watched Graves superintending and giving directions to the latest couple in this really difficult task, Cicely went round to the farmyard to help cut up the turnips and feed the cattle.

This work took place in a long shed with an open front, and, being purely mechanical, did not call for any particular exercise of brain power. At this monotonous task Cicely worked for about an hour, and then, deciding that the quantity was sufficient for next day's supply, she sat down for half a moment on the shaft of a cart, her slender arms aching a little under the steady exercise.

All sorts of new aches and pains the recruits of the land army suffered from at times, muscles being called into unaccustomed play; but so far all had yielded to use and wont, which dulls so much pain, both mental and physical, in this world.

Joyce had been successful enough with her uniform, and had induced the recruits to wear the long-skirted coat, breeches and topboots which made a most workmanlike outfit. But Cicely clung to skirts. They were short, it is true, and showed the top-boots admirably, and it marked the difference in rank, she said laughingly when twitted about it.

"There isn't any use being a C.O. if you can't be a law to yourself sometimes," she had answered, and clung to her skirt.

Eleven o'clock was ringing from the distant spire of Much Havers church as Cicely made that momentary halt, conscious of a most unusual weariness both of body and spirit. A kind of terror seized her lest it might be the beginning of real revolt against her self-appointed task. She knew how much depends on the constancy of the originators of any scheme, and that the whole success of any movement, in the initial stages at least, hangs on its leaders. What she was not sure about was whether the Steering Hall experiment had passed the initial stage.

She was confronting this question when she heard a step in the near distance and

jumped up with the conscious face of one who had been caught unawares. Then all the world, and life, seemed to stand still, and there appeared before her a tall, slender figure in grey tweed and a soft hat drawn well over his brows, but not so well as to hide his face.

"Mr. Kane!" she faltered. "Why, wherever have you sprung from?"

She strove to speak gaily and unconcernedly, but was miserably conscious of her changing face.

He took off his hat and stood bare-headed before her, and she, remembering how he had looked in the sloppy uniform of the French *poilu*, was amazed at the distinction of his appearance now.

His deep eyes riveted themselves on her face with the expression of a man who, after long seeking, finds that on which his heart is set.

"I came to redeem my promise to Lady Steering."

"Then you have been at Deverills! How long?"

"Only since this morning. I was not so fortunate as to find Lady Steering in the house. They told me she had gone to London."

"So they sent you on here?"

"I asked for you, and they gave me directions."

"I see. And as you are in muti, I suppose you have left the Army—or are you only having a little holiday?"

"I have left the Army."

"For good?"

"Yes."

"It was the French Army, up to the last, I suppose?" she said questioningly.

"Yes. It was necessary for me to return to Ireland. My own country needed me at the moment as much as France—she has fewer friends."

His words sank into Cicely's soul for further consideration, but she did not question them now.

"Won't you come into the house?" she said quickly. "Had you heard of our experiment here, and its success?"

He shook his head, and at the same time looked at her rather keenly.

"I know what you are thinking—that the Red Cross uniform was better than this. But the work is important here. You may not believe it, but it is going to be a success, looked at from every point of view. It isn't picturesque—that's why it is so plucky of the girls to do it, and to hold on. There are four of them ploughing in the next field, and it takes all the wavy out of your hair, and makes your face red—but they keep on. I call that patriotic service in a sense even the hard-worked little V.A.D. doesn't understand. She can always look nice; the women on the land can't. The weather defies them. See the



" 'Mr. Kane!' he faltered. 'Why,
wherever have you sprung from?'"

*Drawn by
Stanley Drury*

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wind to-day. Could anything be more truly vicious?"

She got out the last words with a gasp, as a sudden gust caught her, driving wisps of straw and chaff against her cheek.

"Whatever you do, whatever you may be, it will be the true, the womanly thing you are doing," he said, and Cicely turned her head away with a sudden desire to weep.

"I think you had better come inside. We can't talk here, and I want to hear all sorts of things."

"Couldn't I help?" he asked, looking at the great barrow-load of chopped turnips which stood ready for the cattle sheds.

She shook her head.

"You would have to be taught, and this isn't a turnip-chopping lesson morning. Yes, I can get off. I'm the C.O., you know. I've the right to arrange the timetable."

She began to move out of the shed, and he followed, and they went together through the little white wicket to the front garden, where a girl was patiently sowing early seeds. Cicely did not pause there, and the pupil, beyond a casual glance, took no notice. Callers were by no means uncommon at the Hall, and Cicely had to be on hand to answer questions, and interview delegates from other experimental farms, or from those who were anxious to emulate the example set by Steering Hall.

She had not an idea how far her fame had spread abroad, nor how her romantic story had been twisted out of all semblance to the truth. It was popularly believed that she was finding solace for a broken heart by working on the land, and she was spoken of in many quarters where she was not personally known with a mixture of respect and admiration which would have surprised her very much.

Kane found himself ushered into the common room, which was a pleasant enough place, with its cushioned basket-chairs, long table, and the piano across one corner.

"What is the idea of all this?" asked Kane as he laid his hat on the table and sat down opposite to Cicely.

"Isn't it apparent?" she asked, with a little humorous smile about her pretty mouth. "We had hoped so much that it was."

"I see that you are all doing hard and unusual work," he said. "In the language of the people: 'Is the game going to be worth the candle?'"

"I hope it is," said Cicely seriously. "You see, they expect the war to last for ever and ever, and if there are very few men left, we shall have to carry on—that's the central idea of all the weird new things women are doing. What do you think—about the war, I mean?"

He shook his head.

"There was no sign of a decision, or

anything approaching to it, when I left France."

"How long ago was that?"

"Only last Friday."

"All the men on leave say the same thing. Three years Kitchener prophesied. Some of them think that's a short view. Well, we must just put all our strength into it. You've no idea how splendid the girls are here. They don't really like it, you know, but we've only had two real slackers, and of course we dispensed with them as soon as we could, for fear of infection."

"And you live here altogether? Or do you come over to Deverills every day?"

"Oh, dear, no! We start work about six, and if we had to walk a mile and a half before we reached it, it would be too discouraging. My sister-in-law, Joyce Chievely, and I live here and administer. We have six comrades."

"There is another Miss Chievely, then?"

"Yes, but she won't be long here, worse luck! She's engaged to a Scotsman, Captain Elphinstone. He was adjutant at Colissey Barracks near here, but now he has gone to the front. He has just gone back from leave. Probably, when he gets his next leave, in about June, they'll be married."

"But where is the Miss Chievely I met at Cœur la Reine?"

"Didn't you know?" asked Cicely in strong surprise. "She's canteening near Boulogne, in the Blessington Hut. Odd thing, I was just writing to her this morning at four o'clock, pointing out all the reasons why she ought to come home before Joyce leaves, and help us here. After all, it is the Chievelys' business, and their land—isn't it?"

"I suppose so. But you are one of the family now."

"Oh, yes, and they have been most awfully good to me. I think I've been good for them—for them, Mr. Kane, not to them! Please note the difference. I've just helped them to broaden a bit. Lady Steering is quite changed since she was at Cœur la Reine. She comes here quite a lot, and is so interested."

"You are quite happy here, then, and have never regretted anything?"

"I am not that sort of person. 'What's done can't be undone.' 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' I can't think of any other conundrums—wise old saws, I mean—or I would trot them out. I'm doing my job, and I'm going to stick to it. Now, having been put through my catechism, it's my turn, surely. Tell me, first, about dear Cœur la Reine. Did you say you had only left it on Friday?"

"I didn't say that. I left France last Friday, but I have not seen Cœur la Reine since you left it. I rejoined my regiment on the Monday after."

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"I remember you intended to do that. And have you been fighting since?"

"Yes, steadily. I had some difficulty in getting released, and had to bring all the influence I had to bear on my general. But I did get off at last."

"What for? I hope you have come home to fight for England now."

He shook his head.

"My own country needs me. I am on my way to Ireland."

Cicely sat still on the edge of the table, dangling her feet, looking at him intently. He was as much of a mystery as ever, and it was quite apparent he had no intention of telling her any more than he could help. But she persisted.

"What's the matter with your country? I hear them saying there's trouble brewing in Ireland, though one reads about the exploits of the Irish Guards and other regiments, and hopes it isn't true. It isn't a time for internal strife, surely. A family should choke down its private squabbles when the enemy is at the gate."

"Excellent in theory," he said, with a slightly cynical note in his voice, "but impossible in practice. Anyhow, I am going to Ireland by the mail boat to-morrow night."

"In what spirit?" asked Cicely, goaded to question more deeply still.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I have an open mind, and I have been out of Ireland for over three years. I expect to find changes, though essential characteristics will remain, I don't doubt—also essential wrongs."

Cicely dropped her chin on her hands and looked at him earnestly. It was her nature and habit to give her undivided attention and interest to whatever theme happened to be under discussion, and Ireland had become of extreme moment to her. She had not disguised that fact from herself, but had simply accepted it as part of the mysterious web of life.

"Are there real wrongs? I heard an Irishman at Deverills say one day that Home Rule, even if acceptable to the whole mass of the people, would not cure the ills of Ireland; that it is the nature and habit of the people to nurse grievances. When they haven't any they create and nurse them to perfection."

"He was a traitor to his country!" said Kane, the dull crimson rising to his cheek.

"No, he wasn't. He was a prominent Irish member and a very keen soldier, who had been nine months in the trenches so there!" said Cicely spiritedly. "So you won't tell me why you really are going to Ireland? Your private affairs must be needing a little more attention now."

"They are, but they are of secondary importance," he said, and then rose and stood looking out of the window for a few minutes

in silence. Then he turned to her suddenly, with the old resentful fire in his eyes.

"You are as ready to cavil and to condemn me as ever!" he said abruptly, "and my journey has been in vain. I was indeed a fool to come!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Cicely and Kane

CICELY, trembling, slid from her perch on the table and moved farther off with that delicious hesitation which tempts a woman to run away even from the words she most wants to hear.

Kane misunderstood. He was one of those unhappy persons who had been born with a gift for misunderstanding himself and everyone else. For such life is a gloomy pathway indeed, beset with briars and thorns.

"I beg your pardon," he said formally. "I haven't the right; I see that perfectly well. Indeed, I knew it even when we met at *Cœur la Reine*. What have such as I to do with a star like you?"

At this Cicely came to herself.

"Oh, I'm not a star at all, but just an ordinary woman. What is the matter with you, Mr. Kane?" she said, trying to rally her forces and recover herself. Many men had made love to her in the course of her life, but none in this fashion.

"I've always scoffed at the thing men call love, and imagined it had no place in my life. But I was wrong. I knew I was wrong that very first day we met in the courtyard at *Cœur la Reine*."

"But it isn't so bad a thing after all—is it?" asked Cicely. "And the common lot who shall escape?"

A vainer man, or one more presuming, might have extracted hope from such words, even flippantly spoken; but Kane was far too humble and too much in earnest to tread the path of ordinary men.

"I haven't the right to speak to you like this. I beg your pardon," he repeated, abruptly turning away.

"Other men do it," answered Cicely on the spur of the moment. "Why not you?"

"Because I am not a free agent."

"Are you married already?" asked Cicely innocently.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Kane in tones tragic enough to be convincing.

"Engaged, then?"

"Not engaged. I tell you, there never has been a woman in my life—"

"Not even your mother?"

"She died when I was born. If she had lived everything might have been better. I should have understood women better."

"They are not so difficult," hazarded

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Cicely, "so long as you take them as you find them, and don't set them on impossible heights, where nobody can stand or sit without toppling over."

Her heart was beating, her spirits soaring with every minute, and she had to speak frivolous words to stem the rising tide. Surely never had there been such strange love-making. But Cicely knew that for her it was the only kind, the love that was to change the world. Nay, that had changed it, narrowed it down to the primal issue—one man and one woman, standing at the portals of the second Eden, not forbidden even to the poorest and least deserving.

Kane walked round deliberately to where he could see her changing face. Possibly some electric spark from the torch of life fired him too, making him forget, for one glorious moment, the trammels by which he was bound.

"You are not angry, then? In happier circumstances I might even have asked not in vain?"

"Asked for what?"

"Your love."

His voice faltered on the word, but there was no faltering in the eager eyes which claved to her face. When she did not immediately answer, he went on, the passion growing in his voice.

"Tell me—if I had come to you in happier circumstances, would there have been any hope for me?"

"What's the matter with the circumstances?" she asked after a long pause, and, lifting her head, suffered her sweet eyes to meet his.

The next moment she was in his arms, and for a few brief moments everything else was blotted out.

"I always knew you would come, and today I felt it! Do you know, I have been up all night waiting for you! That was because I knew you had arrived in London," she whispered at last.

He stood helpless, adoring, before this lovely confession. Love, which had had naught to do with him till now, was about to reveal all her secrets. He had found the key to the door.

He stroked her hair, still holding her, and Cicely felt and knew how deep and overwhelming was the force which gripped him. It made her glad with a great gladness, and not at all afraid. Something in her deepest heart assured her that here was the love which could conquer all things, even death itself.

"You say you cared at *Cœur la Reine*. Have you been fighting me down for nearly a whole year? It will be a year to-morrow, you know, since we first met. Do you remember?"

"Every hour and moment of it!" he made answer fervently. "But is it possible that *you* felt anything on that day of days?"

"Only that the world had become a different place," she said softly.

"Yet you never gave me the smallest encouragement."

Cicely's low laugh rang through the room.

"Hear him! What kind of encouragement does a man want? He has to find the way. He is no use unless he can."

"A thousand times I tormented myself thinking I had given offence, and that you despised me."

"Never! I thought you very stupid about a lot of things, and, oh, I did want you to fight under your own flag! But of course now you will, because it is *my* flag."

He winced at that, but only drew her the more closely to him.

"Can't we go outside, under the skies, and talk? I shall never come to an end of what I have to say to you!"

"There must be rather a lot," said Cicely naively. "Because, you see, I shall want to hear every single thing about you. I don't even know whether Kane is your right name!"

"It is right, so far as it goes. Dennis Kane O'Rourke, at your service."

"Oh, how very Irish!" she said, rolling the gutturals under her tongue. "But I love it—Dennis Kane O'Rourke. Quite a good name, too, for an Irish patriot. But now you have me, you must forgive poor old England the wrongs she has inflicted on you."

At the moment a slight knock came to the door, it opened, and they had just time to spring apart. It was Mrs. Barnacle, to ask some question concerning the commissariat, she having been informed by her satellite in the kitchen that Lady Steering was in the dining-room with a strange gentleman in a grey suit.

"Beg pardon, my lady, but could you come to the kitchen for a minute?"

"Yes, Mrs. Barnacle. This is a very old friend, come all the way from France to see me. Excuse me just a minute," she added to Kane, and disappeared through the open door, glad of a moment's respite to clear the air.

Mrs. Barnacle, who had now no use for any man out of khaki, and spoke as if she was the only soldier in the world, had only a mild interest in the good-looking stranger, though she thought her lady's eyes very bright and her cheeks very red.

"Is that one of them, my lady?" she ventured to ask. "I know there must have been dozens in France."

"Yes, it is one of them," answered Cicely, smiling merrily.

"Why isn't he in khaki?"

"He's been in it two years, old dear, and is giving himself an airing in *mufti* until his new uniform gets ready. He's changing his regiment," answered Cicely. "We are

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going out for a long walk, and just tell them not to wait in the dining-room. And when we come back you'll give us a bit of something, won't you? Unless we walk as far as Colisseys and have lunch at the inn."

Mrs. Barnacle, suspecting nothing, agreed readily enough, and, having settled the knotty point regarding the day's menu, went on happily with her work.

Mrs. Barnacle proved to be a prop and standby at the Hall. Cicely had the gift of calling out what was best in people, and her appeal to a rather shallow nature's patriotism had borne rich fruit.

Cicely flew up the stairs to the room of the twin bedsteads, and straight to her mirror. Her cheeks were bright red, her eyes glowing, her whole body seemed to breathe life, happiness, hope.

She unbuttoned her old skirt, threw it on the bed, and in the twinkling of an eye changed into a costume of blue serge, which showed every line of her beautiful figure, and gave its slim grace full justice.

"A hat? No, I think not. And yet, if we get as far as Colisseys—"

A little soft hat of black velours, with a blue band, a pair of white wash-leather gloves, a clean handkerchief, and she was ready. It may just be added that she had forgotten the orders for the afternoon, though she had arranged to take her turn at the plough. When the lord of love comes along all else has to wait!

So they passed out together into the rather fitful March sunshine, and when they were clear of the house her hands crept under his arm.

"As you are taking me out to lunch I thought I'd better make myself look a bit decent. Is this better than the field uniform?"

We need not record the lover's answer. It did not disappoint her.

"You must take me out to lunch, I think,"



"What's the matter with the circumstances?" she asked after a long pause.

*Drawn by
Stanley Davis.*

he suggested. "I'm a stranger in a strange land."

"We'll walk to Colisseys, two miles through the woods all the way; that will bring us out about one or thereabouts," she added cautiously. "Now, tell me every single thing about yourself. First of all—where were you born?"

"In the south, near Limerick. My father's place is there."

"Tell me about it—is it a nice place? Shall I like it? And how many brothers and sisters have you?"

"None; I'm an orphan."

THE QUIVER

"Oh, you poor thing, that explains lots of things! You ought to have adopted some relatives. It is not good for man to live alone. It delays his education."

"I was waiting for you."

"Were you? And have you never, never looked at anyone else, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"They call me The O'Rourke in and about Rathkeale."

"And what will they call me?"

Her eyes were brimming with laughter, the happy heart of her, singing like a bird, saw only the sunny side of the world and of life.

She wondered at the sudden spasm which crossed his face.

"Let us sit down here for a moment and talk. There is much to explain. I hope I shall be able to make it clear to you. First of all, my people have always believed, and tried to convince others, that Ireland should be for the Irish."

"Does anybody else want it—except the Germans?" she asked innocently.

"We have not been treated well by the English. I must speak the truth, though it has the honour of being your country. We have been harried and tyrannised over, and refused even the elementary rights of free-born men. And the appalling travesty of a Court we have had to suffer at Dublin Castle has caused the gorge of all decent Irish folk to rise. It must be made an end of. Ireland must be free!"

Cicely felt the poignant undercurrent of bitterness, as well as the indomitable resolve inspiring these words. An intelligent reader and student of events, she realised in a moment that there was far more in this than met the eye. In a flash she understood how impossible it was for this man, smarting under so keen a sense of injustice and wrong, to shoulder arms for England, the country he imagined had betrayed his own. She dropped her fair head on her hand and looked at him with a kind of pitying intentness.

"I feel afraid when I hear you, but surely you have not joined the revolutionary set that are plotting with Germany against the British Flag?"

"If I were, would you—would you take back the words which lifted me to heaven?"

"I don't remember saying anything particular," she said naively. "But I have a country too, and I think I would be strong enough to give up for her. After all, it is what the boys are doing every day—they give up life itself. I should only give up what might make it more worth living."

The words and the tone and look which accompanied them moved Kane profoundly.

"Happy country to have such a daughter!" he murmured. "But you, who have the instinct of love and justice so firmly embedded in your nature, would be on the

side of Ireland if you knew the whole story of her wrongs."

"They will have to be told to me, then," she said simply and clearly, "so that I may judge. Tell them now."

But he shook his head. Suddenly he turned to her, the sombre passion lighting up his eyes.

"Supposing you were to hear that I am bound by every sentiment of love and loyalty to my country, and that at whatever personal cost I shall have to stand by her, would you take it all back?"

"Love can't be recalled," she said quietly. "It is a free gift. But—"

"But what?"

"I should be true to England," she said at last, "and we should have to part."

"You make it a condition, then, that I fight for England?"

"No, though that is what I should like most and best of all. I should require you to promise not to fight against her. What is the meaning of all this awful strife? Why are we all in it? Fighting in various kinds of trenches, every man and woman of us! It is to preserve the honour and the freedom not only of our country, but of the whole world—isn't it?"

"That is the ideal. But some of us question whether England has the right to be the champion of freedom until she washes her hands clean of the oppressor's stain."

Cicely, with a sob in her voice, sprang to her feet.

"Oh, don't—don't say any more! It is impossible! Why did you come? I was happy before to-day—or, at least, at peace. I lived in hope. You have done wrong to come and upset everything. You came under false pretences. I thought you were a loyal soldier, fighting for France and the ideal we share with her. And it is for your own hand you are fighting after all. Now, why are you going to Ireland?"

"I can't tell you."

"But I have the right to ask."

"There are things a man may not tell, even to the one he loves best on earth. It is the test of his patriotism."

"There ought not to be anything to hide. Life is intended to be lived clean and free and strong in the open. Hidden things belong to the devil!" she cried with a passion which touched his own heart.

He looked at her with a kind of reverent amazement, and the struggle between love and imagined duty, old as the hills, in the human breast began anew.

"If you can't tell me, what am I to think but that you are going to betray my country?"

"Perhaps I have not the right to ask you to trust me fully," he said in a low, difficult voice, and the intensity of his feeling caused the veins to stand out at his temples, while the sombre fire in his eyes deepened.

AN ENGLISH ROSE

"Oh, how can I trust you unless you help me? You know how sinister are the rumours about Ireland. I heard it said at my mother-in-law's table the other Sunday that revolution was inevitable. Are you crossing the Channel to take part in that revolution? Is that why you have left France and the Foreign Legion? Because you are going to join another legion whose record will be less fine!"

He sat dumb under the fire of her questioning, but she saw his very lips whiten.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked desperately.

"Because there is nothing to be said."

"Do you understand the inference I must draw from your silence? It means—yes. You are going back to Ireland with the full intention of siding with the Revolutionists there—in the pay of Germany!"

It was because she felt the things so intensely that she had courage to utter these biting words. He took them quietly, but his hand clenched.

"You have not the right to say that. I believe that no Irishman is in the pay of Germany. If it could be proved to me that they are—"

"What would you do?"

"Denounce and renounce them."

"If you go to Ireland with your eyes and ears open you will discover many strange things. I have heard more than one Irishman say that German propaganda has found Ireland its most fruitful field. Will you promise me—"

"Premise what?" he asked, with both eagerness and pathos in his look.

"Promise that you will judge impartially when you get to Ireland."

"Impartial judgment! Is there such a thing in the world? I begin to doubt it."

"Oh, yes, there is. I believe I could be an impartial judge myself. I seem to see everything with such dreadful clearness. I suppose nothing will keep you out of Ireland just now? I am afraid for you to go."

"Nothing, my dearest. My word is pledged."

"You call me your dearest, but you are not ready to give up much for me," she said, both wistfully and willfully, trying to use a woman's strongest weapon—which is the personal one.

"I love you with a love which has no measurement, and which cannot be plumbed. It is too deep. But it has not obscured the vision, but rather made it clearer. I would

not be worthy of you if I were to hesitate," he answered.

It was a high ideal, the conclusion of a dreamer and a visionary. Cicely, while admitting its fineness, wrung her hands.

"Oh, I haven't patience with you! And I don't know why you came here to-day to upset me like this. What good has it done? Only made us both more miserable than we were before."

"I ask to be forgiven," was all he said, and once more his humility angered her. For she loved strength in a man, and had already thrilled beneath the passion of his devotion to his country.

"Forgiven! Go and do something to prove your love!" she cried, with a touch of bitterness. "I take back, not my love—one has no power over that—but my pledge. I am a war-worker, pledged to my country's service, just the same as if I were a soldier. All my brothers are fighting. One of them has lost an arm and an eye. We are not merely playing at this game. That is why it seems so childish and so futile for Irish people to behave as they are doing—worrying those who ought to be giving their minds to the war, and, beyond everything, playing into German hands!"

"You don't understand," he said heavily. "You would need to go to Ireland."

"Oh, people go to Ireland and come back none the wiser, and much more hopeless," she interrupted, and the tears sprang in her eyes. "You will promise nothing, then? You will go to Ireland without telling me on what mission or for what purpose? Yet you ask me to give you my full trust. It is a big thing to ask."

"Nevertheless I do ask it."

"But you do understand that unless I can be satisfied that you are true to our flag I take back my pledge absolutely?"

"You can do that lightly?"

"I didn't say that, but I *can* do it. I am my father's daughter. If you ever meet him you will understand."

"You wish to part here, then?" he said, and again the wistful look in his eyes pierced her to the heart.

But she had sufficient strength to make answer quite steadily.

"Yes, it will be better. We shall talk and talk to no purpose. If you come back from Ireland with a clear conscience you will find me here."

And with that she turned and left him without once looking back.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



THE HOME DEPARTMENT



THE "CHERRY" LACE

USE Ardern's No. 30 Lustre Crochet Cotton and size 6 needle. A hole is 2 chain with a treble into the third chain stitch. Commence with 88 chain and 6 to turn each row, four of which count as the edge treble and the remaining two for the first hole.*

1st row.—10 h. 10 tr. (including one made) 10 h. 4 tr. (including one made) 5 h.

2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows.—Each 29 h.

5th row.—5 h. 7 tr. 22 h.

6th row.—14 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 6 h., then an extension of 12 chain and 6 to turn.

7th row.—4 h. on the exten., then 6 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 13 h.

8th row.—13 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 13 tr. 10 h.

9th row.—10 h. 13 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 13 h.

10th row.—12 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 11 h. 12 ch. exten. and 6 to turn.

11th row.—4 h. on exten., 1 h. 10 tr. 7 h. 19 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 12 h.

12th row.—12 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 19 tr. 7 h. 19 tr. 3 h.

13th row.—3 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 6 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 12 h.

14th row.—6 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 7 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 12 ch. exten. and 6 to turn.

15th row.—4 h. on exten., 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 16 tr. 7 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 4 tr. 5 h.

16th row.—5 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 4 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 19 tr. 7 h.

17th row.—7 h. 19 tr. 5 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 5 h.

18th row.—7 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 8 h. 13 tr. 9 h., then an exten. of 6 ch. and 6 to turn.

19th row.—2 h. on exten., 8 h. 10 tr. 12 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 7 h.

20th row.—7 h. 16 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 13 h. 16 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 3 h.

21st row.—2 h. 16 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 46 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 8 h.

22nd row.—9 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 16 tr. 7 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 16 tr. 2 h.

23rd row.—1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 16 tr. 5 h. 13 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 8 h.

24th row.—6 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 6 h. 16 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h.

25th row.—1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 11 h. 22 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 4 h.

26th row.—3 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 28 tr. 10 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 19 tr. 2 h.

27th row.—3 h. 13 tr. 14 h. 25 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 16 tr. 2 h.

28th row.—2 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 28 tr. 10 h.

29th row.—Slip over two holes and commence over the third with 16 h. 13 tr. 4 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 2 h.

30th row.—2 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 19 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 14 h.

31st row.—13 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 25 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 1 h.

32nd row.—1 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 31 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 13 h.

33rd row.—Slip over four holes and commence over the fifth with 9 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 22 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 1 h.

* ABBREVIATIONS: h., hole; tr., treble; ch., chain.

THE "THISTLE" SQUARE

34th row.—1 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 3 h.
16 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 16 h.

35th row.—13 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 19 tr. 4 h.
4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h.

36th row.—2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr.
6 h. 25 tr. 14 h.

37th row.—Slip over four holes and commence over the fifth with 14 h. 10 tr. 7 h.
4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h.

38th row.—2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 23 h.
39th row.—8 h. 13 tr. 8 h.

4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 4 h.
4 tr. 3 h.

40th row.—3 h. 4 tr. 4 h.
4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 6 h.
19 tr. 7 h.

41st row.—Slip over four holes and commence over fifth with 2 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h.
16 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 3 h.
4 tr. 3 h.

42nd row.—7 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 4 tr.
7 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h.

43rd row.—2 h. 7 tr. 1 h.
13 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 6 h.
4 tr. 7 h.

44th row.—6 h. 4 tr. 9 h.
10 tr. 1 h. 19 tr. 3 h.

45th row.—5 h. 10 tr. 1 h.
19 tr. 7 h. 4 tr. 6 h.

46th row.—6 h. 4 tr. 7 h.
19 tr. 9 h.

47th row.—Slip over six holes and commence over the seventh with 2 h. 22 tr.
7 h. 4 tr. 6 h.

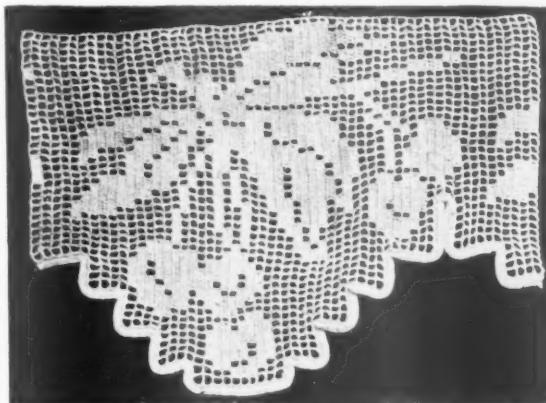
48th row.—5 h. 4 tr. 9 h. 16 tr. 3 h., an exten. of 18 ch. and 6 to turn.

49th row.—6 h. on the exten., then 4 h.
10 tr. 10 h. 4 tr. 5 h.

50th row.—Repeat from 2nd row.

1st row of edge.—A slip-through stitch into each inner corner, 2 short stitches into the hole at each side of the inner corners, 3 short stitches into each of the other holes except at each point, where there are 8 short stitches into the hole.

2nd row.—A slip-through stitch into



A Lace that will stand plenty of hard wear.

each slip-through stitch, miss a short stitch at each side of the slip-through stitch, then a short stitch into each short stitch.

3rd row.—The same as the 2nd row.

THE "THISTLE" SQUARE

USE Ardern's No. 26 Lustre Crochet Cotton and size 6 needle. A hole is 2 chain with a treble into the third chain stitch. Allow 6 chain to turn each row, four of which count as the edge treble and the remaining two for the first hole on the next row.

Commence with 133 ch. and 6 to turn.

1st row.—44 h.

2nd row.—7 h. 28 tr. (including one made) 15 h. 4 tr. (including one made) 2 h. 4 tr. (including one made) 9 h.

3rd row.—10 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 12 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 5 h.

4th row.—12 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 16 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 19 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 4 h.

5th row.—5 h. 43 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 13 h.

6th row.—13 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 43 tr. 6 h.

7th row.—4 h. 16 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 10 tr. 13 h.

8th row.—13 h. 16 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 3 h.

9th row.—2 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 16 tr. 12 h.

10th row.—12 h. 16 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 13 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 3 h.

THE QUIVER

11th row.—3 h. 4 tr. 2 n. 4 tr. 5 h. 19 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 11 h.

12th row.—14 h. 16 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 22 tr. 8 h. 4 tr. 2 h.

13th row.—4 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 25 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 13 h.

14th row.—12 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 5 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h.

15th row.—6 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 16 tr. 14 h.

16th row.—14 h.

13 tr. 1 h. 4 tr.

4 h. 4 tr. 1 h.

16 tr. 2 h. 4 tr.

1 h. 4 tr. 3 h.

7 tr. 3 h.

17th row.—6 h.

4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr.

5 h. 4 tr. 3 h.

4 tr. 6 h. 10 tr.

1 h. 4 tr. 13 h.

18th row.—15 h.

10 tr. 7 h. 4 tr.

1 h. 4 tr. 1 h.

4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr.

1 h. 4 tr. 4 h.

4 tr. 5 h.

19th row.—3 h.

4 tr. 4 h. 4 tr.

1 h. 4 tr. 5 h.

4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 6 h.

4 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 14 h.

20th row.—13 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 9 h. 4 tr.

1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 6 h.

21st row.—5 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 3 tr. 3 h. 4 tr.

5 h. 4 tr. 9 h. 4 tr. 15 h.

22nd row.—15 h. 4 tr. 8 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 7 tr.

4 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 4 h.

23rd row.—6 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr.

1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 11 h. 4 tr. 14 h.

24th row.—25 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr.

2 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 5 h.

25th row.—8 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 4 tr. 27 h.

26th row.—30 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 11 h.

27th row.—9 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 27 h.

28th row.—5 h. 7 tr. 17 h. 13 tr. 6 h. 4 tr.

9 h.

29th row.—8 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 16 tr. 16 h. 10 tr.

5 h.

30th row.—5 h. 13 tr. 10 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 19 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 8 h.

31st row.—7 h. 4 tr. 7 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 10 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 5 h.

32nd row.—5 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 9 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 7 h. 4 tr. 7 h.

33rd row.—6 h. 7 tr. 10 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 8 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 6 h.

34th row.—4 h. 16 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 8 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 13 tr. 5 h.

35th row.—5 h. 13 tr. 5 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 10 h. 28 tr. 3 h. 10 h. 28 tr. 3 h.

36th row.—3 h. 16 tr. 1 h. 16 tr. 7 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 10 h. 28 tr. 3 h.

37th row.—5 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 10 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 5 h.

38th row.—7 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 7 h. 4 tr. 16 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 5 h.

39th row.—2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 6 h.

40th row.—8 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 16 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h.

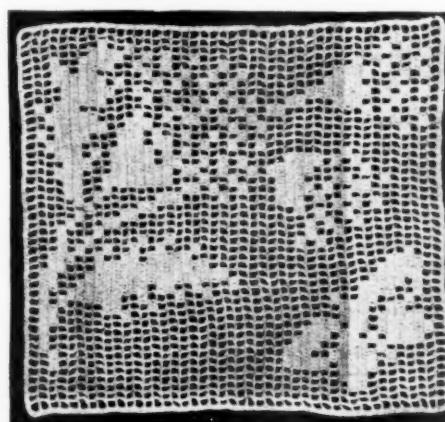
41st row.—2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 14 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 8 h.

42nd row.—8 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 13 tr. 17 h. 4 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 4 h.

43rd row.—3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 23 h. 4 tr. 9 h.

44th row.—All holes.

Round the square there are three short stitches into each hole and seven into each hole at the corners.



The "Thistle" Square will be found a useful inset for various house-linen.

DRYED FISH

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

ONE is always perfectly safe in providing some kind of dried fish for the first breakfast for the man on leave who has just returned from service abroad. Sometimes he craves for finnan haddock, particularly if he be a Scot who has been serving in the East where his native dish is unprocurable, or if he be a London-bred he will enjoy a succulent kipper or a crisply grilled bloater. In any case, the all-British cured fish is always welcome, for until one has been deprived of what so many home-stayers regard as the most ordinary of viands one does not realize how great and universal is the liking for dried fish by all Britishers.

As in the case of all other culinary wants, the prices of dried fish have reached heights, the mere suggestion of which would stagger the housewife had they not been reached by gradual but not unnoticed stages; but even at present cost they are one of the cheapest of foods. Particularly is this the case with kippers, for they contain a very large proportion of valuable fat, which is extremely nourishing and heat-producing. Another excellent point about dried fish, especially haddocks, is that the full flavour of the fish enables the economical housewife to use it as the foundation of a variety of made dishes, adding a larger proportion of rice or potatoes than she is able to do when using fresh fish for this purpose.

The question of proper cooking, important at all times, is perhaps more than ever essential when dried fish is the order of the day. It is very seldom that one is served with a really well cooked haddock or kipper, and one that is swimming in water or is dried up to a tasteless cinder is apt to put one "off" and reduce the already restricted food list by yet another useful dish.

Breakfast Bloaters

Take the necessary number of bloaters, dry them with a clean cloth, remove the heads, and roll in some drying medium. In pre-war days one would say, without hesitation, use flour; but it may not be possible to spare even this small amount from the ration. Finely crushed oatmeal or the flour that collects at the bottom of the oatmeal tin is excellent for this purpose, and finely crushed biscuit crumbs are also good. The great point is to make the skin of the fish perfectly dry. The bloaters can then be either grilled over the fire or cooked in a frying-pan. If the latter method is used, melt a tablespoonful of dripping in the pan and be sure that it is boiling before adding the fish. The majority of people *undercooked* dried fish, thinking that the curing lessens the necessity for cooking. This is quite a mistake, and bloaters, kippers, and haddocks all require very thorough cooking to achieve the best results.

Pickled Bloaters

Bloaters do not keep as well as other dried

fish, and if you want to prepare a tasty breakfast, luncheon, or supper dish a day or two in advance I can strongly recommend the following recipe:

Wash and dry some fine bloaters, then place them in a dish and pour in enough milk to just cover them. Leave for twenty-four hours, then add 2 oz. peppercorns, an onion, and half a lemon cut in slices, two or three bay-leaves, and enough oil and vinegar in equal parts to cover the fish. Put a piece of greased paper over the dish and bake in a moderate oven. When cooked, place in the larder and leave undisturbed for twenty-four hours. Serve cold. Bloaters thus cooked are delicious with a potato salad accompaniment.

Baked Bloaters

These quantities are for five bloaters: One teaspoonful of flour, 1 teaspoonful cornflour, 1 teaspoonful anchovy essence, 1 lemon, pepper to taste. Dry the fish and remove the heads and tails. Carefully divide the fish lengthways, and take away the bones. Divide the roes and wrap each half in half a fish. Run a thin skewer through, or tie with coarse cotton to prevent unrolling. Grease a pie-dish and stand the rolls upright in it, with a little piece of margarine on top of each roll. Cover with greased paper and bake in a warm oven for twenty minutes. (Be sure that the fish is thoroughly cooked.) Make a sauce as follows: Mix the two flours together and make into a smooth paste with the anchovy essence and the juice of the lemon. Season with pepper (cayenne if liked), and stir in gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of warm water. Cook over the fire, stirring all the time until the sauce boils. Remove the skewers or cotton from the fish rolls, arrange them on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over. A dish of boiled rice can be served with the bloaters.

Devilled Bloaters

Take three fine bloaters, 2 tablespoonfuls margarine or dripping, 1 teaspoonful each of made mustard and chutney, 1 teaspoonful anchovy essence, cayenne pepper to taste.

Dry the fish and split them open lengthways. Remove the back and other bones. Melt the fat and mix the seasonings with it. Smear both sides of the fish with the sauce, close, dip in beaten egg or milk, and sprinkle with oatmeal. Fry in boiling fat. When thoroughly cooked, drain and serve, garnished with fried parsley and slices of lemon.

Kippers

The usual method of frying kippers tends to dry up the natural oil and bring out the salt, two points exactly the reverse to what is required. A far better way is to lay the kippers in a deep baking-dish and pour over them a little boiling water. Cover and leave for three minutes, then drain off all but about a table-

spoonful of the water. Cover with a second tin or plate, and stand in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Lift on to a hot dish and pour a teaspoonful of melted fat over each. Have you ever eaten mashed potatoes with kippers? They are delicious, and seem to be as fitting an accompaniment as in the case of the proverbial "sausages and mashed."

Kipper or Bloater Paste

Very good and substantial home-made pastes can be made from bloaters or kippers. The fish must be thoroughly cooked and freed from skin and all bones. The latter is a rather tedious operation until one has had a little practice, when a small amount of experience will soon produce quickness and dexterity. Pound the flesh with pepper and a little margarine. Salt is not, as a rule, necessary; but when bloaters are being used a tablespoonful of anchovy essence is a great improvement to the flavour of the paste. Lemon juice and cayenne can be added at discretion. Both pastes will keep for quite a long time if they are pressed into small pots and covered tightly with thickly buttered grease-proof paper.

Red Herring

On account of the extreme saltiness of this fish it is seldom regarded as other than a relish to a bread-and-butter meal. Soaking for twelve hours in water or, if available, milk, will remove much of the salt and render it not more than pleasantly seasoned.

Grilled Red Herrings

Lift from the soaking liquor and dry thoroughly, then split and remove the backbones. (The curing process softens the bones very much, and if the centre bones are taken away the other smaller ones will not be noticed.) Take 1 dessertspoonful of finely chopped herbs and mix them with 2 tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a little pepper, and lemon juice. Close the fish, score both sides in several places, pour in a few drops of the mixture, and grill over a clear fire. When one side is cooked, turn, carefully brushing the surface with the seasoned oil.

Spiced Red Herrings

Having soaked the fish, hold them under the cold water tap for several minutes, then dry. Mix together pepper and a teaspoonful of mixed spice. Rub these into the fish, then place them in a pie-dish with some bay-leaves. Cover with equal parts of vinegar and water, put a plate over the dish, and bake for half an hour. As in the case of pickled bloaters, these fish should be left for twenty-four hours in the liquor before they are eaten.

The most useful and economical of dried fish is finnan haddock, and especially the kind that is sold in fillets without bones or skin. This solid fish is excellent for making kedgeree, curry, fish balls and pie, moulds, patties, etc.

Breakfast Haddock

When selecting a haddock, always insist on seeing, and feeling, the fish doubled over, and gauge the condition of the fish by the thickness of the folded back. The thicker it is the better it will eat.

Wipe carefully with a damp cloth, cut off the fins and tail, and place in a frying-pan large enough to amply hold the fish. Pour boiling water over, and see that the top of the back-bone is well covered. Stand the pan on the stove and let the water simmer until the flesh begins to shrink from the bones. Lift out with a fish slice, letting all the water drain from the fish before putting it on a hot dish. This draining is just as important as thorough cooking, for a haddock sent to table sodden from having stood in water is about as nasty a dish as one could be asked to eat. Have ready a couple of tablespoonfuls of melted margarine and the same quantity of chopped parsley. Mix and pour over the fish, dust with pepper, and serve at once. The lazy method of putting a piece of margarine on the fish and letting it melt is one of those little habits too often acquired by the British cook who never thinks that the heat necessary to melt the fat is taken from the fish, and wonders why the mistress complains that the haddock was chilled when it reached the table. When buying a haddock it is a good plan to get one large enough to serve for two meals. The large flakes are so infinitely nicer than the little dry chips of a small fish, and the tail end can always be used, freed from bones and skin, for one of the made dishes already suggested.

Scotch Haddock

Take 1 lb. of haddock fillets, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ breakfastcup of milk, 1 teaspoonful of margarine, pepper and salt.

Put the milk, margarine, pepper and salt into a saucepan, add the fish (it may be necessary to cut the fillets into small pieces so that they are covered with the seasoned liquor), and simmer for twenty-five minutes. Take out the fish and keep it hot. Break the eggs into the milk, beat until thick and lumpy, then pour over the fish, and serve.

Savoury Haddock Patties

These make a delicious supper dish, and as they are also very nice eaten cold they can be taken in a luncheon basket, and provide a nice change from the eternal sandwich.

Take about 1 lb. of meat from a cooked haddock fillet, and mince it finely: add pepper and salt. Make a little white sauce, flavour with anchovy essence or hard-boiled egg. Make some pastry, short or rough puff, as liked: grease some patty pans, and line with paste. Fill with the fish, and pour a teaspoonful of sauce over before covering with pastry. Brush with milk, and bake in a quick oven till the pastry is cooked.



LITTLE TALKS WITH GREAT WORRIERS

By

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

If you are worried by the War, afraid of the future, or depressed with the times, just read this article

A JAPANESE parable tells of a man who is cruelly tortured by a demon. Not understanding the injustice of his frightful punishment, because he feels he has never done anything to merit it, the man calls on the demon to explain why he is so persecuted. The demon replies: "Thou hast created me and fashioned me to be such as I am. My nature is such as thou hast given me. Blame then thyself for thy suffering."

We ourselves fashion from our thought the hideous demons of fear, of worry, of unhappiness in some form, which torture us and frequently wreck our lives.

Greater Enemies than all the Wars

Fear and worry have wrought more destruction in human lives than all the wars that have devastated the world since the birth of the race. No one can estimate the havoc the happiness-killers, these efficiency destroyers, continue to play in our lives. They chill the heart, whiten the hair, wrinkle the face, and take the elasticity out of the step; they blight ambition, kill courage, strangle hope, and leave us wrecks of our former selves. They are the fatal enemies of everything for which human beings strive—health, power, success, and happiness. They are among the most unfortunate heritages of the race, for we are born into an atmosphere of fear and worry. We come into the world stamped with anxiety, marked with fear and a dread of the unknown.

For thousands of years it was thought that the terrible power which caused the thunder and lightning, the tornado, was some great enemy of man, an angry god who hurled his thunderbolts to earth; and the wrath of the angry god of the thunder and lightning, of the tornado, must be pro-

pitiated even by the sacrifice of human life. The fearful storms at sea, the typhoons which wrecked ships, were outbursts of the wrath of the great sea-god Neptune. The eclipses of the sun and the moon indicated the displeasure of other gods, and multitudes of human beings were sacrificed in all sorts of cruel ways to appease these terrible powers which were supposed to rule men's destinies.

The gradual elimination of these crude forms of fear has been one of the most interesting things in the development of the race. Knowledge has swept aside the terrors of the unknown, and when we are sufficiently advanced to realise that our God is a God of Love, and that love is law, order, harmony, all the fear-brood will disappear.

Held Down by Fear

Unfortunately, multitudes of people are still held down by some form of our primitive heritage. The perpetual presence of fear stunts their growth, strangles their normal expression and warps their development. Fear is stamped upon their brains from childhood. How many mothers ignorantly try to force their children to go to sleep by frightening them, telling them that if they don't go right to sleep a great big bear will come and eat them up, and so on. How much sleep would a grown person get in a situation which seemed as real to him as such a picture suggested by its mother is to the child? Yet the majority of parents continue to people the darkness with all sorts of cruel monsters in order to frighten children into obedience. If they only knew how injuriously a child's physical and mental development is affected by such a brutal system of terrorisation they could not, would not, be so cruel. The lives of many children, especially those who are sensitive,

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are sadly marred if not completely ruined by it. A great medical authority says that at least 80 per cent. of morbid children could have been saved from their defect by the application of common-sense principles of scientific and physiological hygiene in which the main factor is suggestion inspired by wholesome courage.

Victims of Superstition

Who can ever estimate the multitudes of people whose careers have been dwarfed, and lives shortened, by the fear of death? Who could measure the suffering caused among the early Puritans and their descendants by the old conception of hell-fire? Who could count the victims of superstition and fear? Terror of impending misfortune, fear of accident, of financial reverses, fear of what others will think or say of us, fear of inability to do what we undertake, fear of disease, all sorts of fears and worries cloud the happiness and dim the lives of most of us. The very faces of the people we meet tell the sad story of the presence of fear, worry, and anxiety. How seldom we see one who really enjoys the present moment! Some fear, some foreboding, something which he thinks is likely to happen to destroy his peace of mind, is for ever suggesting itself and haunting him.

The Cares of To-morrow that Worry us

It is not, as a rule, the cares of to-day, but the cares of to-morrow that weigh us down. Yet for the needs of to-day corresponding strength is always given. For the morrow we are wisely told to trust. It is not yet ours. The things we worry and fret most over are the evils we anticipate, and most of those, the things that cause our unhappiness and shorten our lives, never really happen. They are the things which we thought might, probably would, happen—the sorrows, the losses, the failures, which we dreaded and feared would come. It is these shadows, not realities, that have terrified us and robbed us of our strength.

Fear kills courage, and, without courage, self-confidence—the very basis of achievement—is impossible. Fear strangles initiative and keeps the mind in a negative condition, and a negative mind cannot plan because it cannot visualise or execute great enterprises. It is the hopeful, optimistic

mentality that sees visions, works courageously to realise them, and never worries at all about the future.

Have you ever reaped anything but disadvantage, loss of staying power, a muddled brain, when you yielded to the impulse to fret and worry, instead of grappling with your difficulty like a sane, well-balanced man or woman, and then putting it out of your mind and going to bed and to sleep when the time came, instead of sitting up or lying awake half the night to worry?

If people only realised that every anxious, fear-burdened thought is a rank poison that injures health and dwarfs success and possibilities, they would avoid such thoughts as much as they would avoid taking material poison.

We learn very early in life to keep away from contact with fire, to keep our hands out of boiling water, to keep out of the way of vehicles and all sorts of things that would mutilate us and make us suffer physically, but all through life we allow fear and worry to poison our minds, to mutilate us mentally, to make us suffer tortures that are far worse than any ordinary physical suffering.

Is it Worth While?

Did you ever ask yourself the question, "Is it really worth while to use up precious creative force in mere anxiety and fear, when it could be used to produce something of value? Is it worth while to exhaust myself worrying over things I cannot possibly remedy except by hard work, a clear head, and the use of my best judgment? Is it worth while to permit the continuance of this torture which clogs my brain, impairs my judgment, kills spontaneity, chills my enthusiasm, when what the situation needs most is the vigorous use of just these very qualities?"

If ever you are going to be large enough to conquer your troubles you must not worry over them. That is a sure way to make them bigger.

As Bishop Patrick quaintly says, "The rubbing of the eyes doth not fetch out the mote, but makes them more red and angry; no more doth the distraction and fretting of the mind discharge it of any ill humours, but rather makes them more bound to vex us."

LITTLE TALKS WITH GREAT WORRIERS

Get the Right Relation

A wise man has admirably defined worry as "spiritual near-sightedness; a fumbling way of looking at little things, and of magnifying their value. True spiritual vision," he says, "sweeps the universe and sets things in their right proportion. Seen in its true relations, there is no experience of life over which one has a right to worry."

During a great financial panic, an influential business man was so harassed by the troubles threatening him that he felt he could no longer keep his hand on the helm or prevent the work of years from going to utter destruction. His concern was not for himself alone, but also for the many who must suffer with him in the event of his failure. His mind was enveloped in such a fog of worry that when he needed them most he was fast losing his perspective and his capacity for decisive action.

When the Tide will Turn

In the darkest hour of his discouragement a business appointment took him to a large publishing house where he had occasion to telephone. As he stood waiting, his eye was caught by this quotation on a card which hung beside the telephone desk, "When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, until it seems you cannot hold on one minute longer, do not give up. That is just the place and time the tide will turn."

The man read the words a second time, and as their meaning forced its way into his preoccupied consciousness his depression vanished as if a spell had been broken. He went back to his office and again took up the tangled threads of his affairs; but this time with new strength and courage. He stopped worrying and used all the energy that he had previously wasted in this way in planning and working. *And he won his fight.*

The Change Within

What had happened in that moment of enlightenment at the telephone desk? Not one external circumstance had changed. As far as outside factors were concerned the man's problem was as insoluble as ever, the outlook as hopeless. Nevertheless a vast change had taken place, but it was within.

The man had stopped worrying.

Faith had driven out fear, and the change in his mental attitude eventually wrung success from apparent failure.

The secret of all strength and happiness is conscious union with our Divine Source. This establishes in us a sense of security, an assurance that we are not playthings of chance, puppets of accident or fate. When we come to a full realisation of our oneness with the great creative, sustaining Principle of the universe, life will take on a new meaning. There will be no room for worry, no cause for fear. We shall be serene, poised, happy.



"Daffodil,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty." —SHAKESPEARE.



"Although Papa and Mamma stood up,
he shook hands with me first."

Drawn by
Vilmos Lunt.

HISTORY REPEATS

By

DOROTHY MARSH GARRARD

Yesterday

*Letters from Marian Hayes to her friend,
Clara Elsworthy.*

CHINTHURST LODGE,
ALBURY HILL,

August 23rd, 1887.

MY DEAREST CLARA.—When we were at school we promised we would tell each other *everything*, and at last I have something very interesting to relate to you.

You will remember, dear, that I told you Papa had at last been persuaded to allow me to become a member of the new lawn tennis club here. For a long time he refused, as he did not consider it would be correct for me to go unaccompanied, but finally, when I promised I would never go unless Mrs. Clarke were able to chaperon me, he gave his consent. And it has been *so enjoyable*. At home we seldom have any young people as visitors; Papa and Mamma are very particular as to my acquaintances, but at the club it was quite different. And the *very first day* I met Mr. Prior. He is a family friend of Mrs. Clarke's, and immediately after she had introduced him to me he asked me to be his partner. And, oh, Clara, he was so considerate and polite. And he is so handsome.

Well, dear, that was the first time, but often afterwards he asked me to play with him. And one day he asked if he might call. I did not know what to answer. I could feel I was blushing visibly, but he took my assent for granted, and said he hoped to have the pleasure soon. So, that evening, I attempted to introduce the subject to Papa. Unfortunately I did not choose a very suitable time. The leg of mutton for dinner had been underdone, and he was not in the best of humours.

"Who is this young man?" he asked.

"He is Mr. Prior, and an intimate friend of Mrs. Clarke's," was all I could reply.

"Yes, but what is his position and family?"

"If he is a friend of the Clarkes', Herbert," observed Mamma, "he must at least be reputable socially. You know you have a high opinion of Mr. Clarke."

"Yes, but Clarke is not responsible for all the men he may know," said Papa. "However, let him come. You had better write, Eleanor, and invite him to coffee next Thursday." And he commenced to read his newspaper, which is always a sign he must not be disturbed.

Well, dear, when the time began to draw near, I could settle to nothing, and at dinner I was afraid Papa would notice that I had no appetite. But he did not, and what do you think, Clara? When we had finished he was going away to the breakfast-room to smoke, having quite forgotten that Mr. Prior was expected. And he was even vexed when Mamma reminded him. However, he came into the drawing-room with us, and was fidgety, as he always is when he cannot smoke his cigar. And unfortunately Mr. Prior was a little late; I am sure he could not help it. And then when he did appear he walked in quite unconcernedly, and, although Papa had stood up and Mamma put her needlework down, he shook hands with me first. Even after I had presented him to them he sat down beside me on the ottoman instead of taking the chair prepared for him by Papa.

Oh, Clara, it was such a disappointing evening. Papa was in one of his most unsocial humours; Mamma never converses much when he is present, and I was so nervous I could hardly speak at all. At last Mr. Prior rose to take his leave, and Papa, having accompanied him to the front door, came back into the drawing-room. At once I could discern there was something amiss.

"Well, I am certainly not accustomed to being insulted in my own house," he said at once. "Why, the young cub didn't even attempt to conceal his yawns. Talk of respecting your elders. The present generation doesn't know what respect means.

Now mind, Marian, I don't want to see him here again." And he left us, banging the door behind him.

Oh, dear, Clara, I am so miserable. I am sure you would consider Mr. Prior a true gentleman. Now, Papa has almost told me I must have nothing more to do with him. I am convinced, too, that he could not refrain from yawning because, Clara, although I would never acknowledge it to anyone but you, I frequently cannot help doing so myself in the evening at home. And I don't suppose I shall ever see Mr. Prior again. Your devoted MARIAN.

September 10th.

MY DEAREST CLARA,—Thank you again and again for your kind letter. I will answer it immediately. And, Clara, I have something so exciting to tell you. Fancy, I am going to a public ball! It is to be given by the lawn tennis club to celebrate the Jubilee of our beloved Queen, and at the same time mark the close of the tennis season. All the members have been asked to take tickets.

At first Papa would not hear of my going. He said he did not wish his daughter to mix with every Tom, Dick and Harry in the place, but at last, when Mamma agreed to go with me, as well as Mrs. Clarke, he agreed to it. "Very well," he said, "if you want to make a ninny of yourself, Eleanor, and catch a cold in that draughty hall, you can do it. But don't ask me to go with you." Which, indeed, Mamma had never thought of doing. But fancy, Clara, it will actually take place to-morrow, and I am counting the hours! I will leave this letter unfinished until after the eventful night.

Clara, the ball is over, and I will tell you about it right from the beginning. I wore the new frock that Mamma and Miss Wood (our sewing-woman) made for me between them. It is cream *crêpon*, and laced all up the back. I was obliged to ask Susan to lace it for me, and when she had finished she pulled out a parcel from under my bed. "And these here come for you, Miss," she said, "but the gentleman says I wasn't to give them to you until you was all dressed." And what do you think was inside the paper, dear? Why, a most beautiful spray of crimson roses, and fastened to it a visiting-card. On

it was written: "With Mr. Claude Prior's compliments." Fancy, Clara, they were from Mr. Prior, whom I had scarcely met since I last wrote to you! He has the most exquisite taste.

"If I was you, Miss," said Susan, "I'd take them with you done up. It'll save crushing, and the Master won't see." So I took her advice.

The landau, which we were sharing with Mrs. Clarke, arrived punctually, but when we reached her residence who do you think followed her from the door? Why, Mr. Prior! I could hardly raise my eyes to him; I felt so embarrassed; but he sat down beside me, and do you know, Clara—I hardly like to tell you—as we drove along I could feel his hand quite close to mine. It was a most comfortable drive, but at last we reached the hall, and in the cloak-room I managed to fasten the spray of roses to my frock. I don't believe Mamma even noticed them; at least she said nothing. And then we went into the hall, and, in a minute, Mr. Prior came up to us. He was wearing a little blue star in his button-hole to show he was a steward, and it made him look handsomer than ever, quite military. He brought us charming little programmes, and when he had requested a dance from Mamma and Mrs. Clarke he asked for my card. And then he bent down and whispered quite low in my ear: "How many may I have, Marian?"

For an instant I was quite unable to answer him, but he did not wait for a reply, and when he gave me back my programme I discovered he had taken four whole dances, including the supper interval. I knew I ought not to have permitted it, that I might be considered forward, but before I could object he had gone. And, Clara, he dances exquisitely. The first one was a waltz, and the second, for which he was my partner, a new dance called the Lancers, which we did not take part in as Mamma and Mrs. Clarke consider it vulgar. Then there came the supper dance, a polka, and before we had gone once round the hall Mr. Prior said to me: "Now let us go and find somewhere nice for supper."

"But where is Mamma?" I said at once.

"I don't want Mamma," he answered quickly, looking at me in a manner I cannot describe. "I want you." And he hurried me away into another room in which there

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was a buffet and a number of tables all set out for supper. He took me straight to a little alcove in the window with a screen half round it to keep out the draught, and there we had supper. Mr. Prior sat opposite me, and every time he helped me to anything he allowed his hand to rest an instant on mine. At last I remembered I had never thanked him for his beautiful gift.

"Do you know why I sent you red roses?" he interrupted before I had said more than a few words.

"You must have guessed they were my favourite flowers," I answered.

"No," he said, looking at me as though his eyes would burn right through me. "I gave them to you because red roses mean love. They signify my love for you." And then he stretched out his hand and took mine and held it as if he would never let it go. Oh, Clara, it would be useless for me to attempt to describe my feelings. To realise that the *noblest, handsomest man* in the whole world loved me. I could not refrain from just glancing round to see if anyone were looking, but he had pulled the screen right round us. And suddenly he got up and came over to me, and, oh, Clara, I can't write it—he kissed me!

"Anything else wanted at this table?" came a horrible grating voice, and looking up we saw the head of Jenkins, the waiter (he is the one everyone has for soirées and dinners), peeping round the screen. I never realised before what a very unpleasant face he has, and Mr. Prior muttered something under his breath, and said "No" as curtly as possible.

"Well, then, supper's over, sir, and you only 'as the use of this room during supper," the man went on quite impertinently, so we were obliged to get up and go back into the dancing-hall. I felt everyone must guess my secret, but no one appeared to. But when we were driving home, Claude (fancy, he says I am to call him Claude!) held my hand tightly under the rug all the way, and as he said good-bye he managed to whisper in my ear: "Till to-morrow, darling."

Mamma was tired. She insisted that the hall had been draughty, and the coffee made from that new concentrated essence had given her indigestion. And Papa had already gone to bed, so we did not linger downstairs. But I could not sleep, so I

thought I would finish this letter to you. Oh, Clara, imagine being loved by a gentleman like Mr. Prior! I can *hardly believe* it even now. Yet when I look at my roses I know it is true. *I will never, never part with them.* I only trust, dearest Clara, that you may meet someone as handsome and good—for I am certain he is good. I am the happiest and luckiest girl who ever lived. What have I done to deserve it? Fancy, he called me his wild rose! He must be a poet, too, Claude, my Claude.—Your loving

MARIAN.

September 12th.

MY DEAREST CLARA,—Only this morning I posted a letter to you in which my heart was running over with joy. To-night, alas, I must write you something far different. But I will tell you everything.

After all, last night I fell asleep, and when I awoke this morning it was already late. Papa had started for his office, and Mamma sent my breakfast up to me in bed. As I ate it I looked at my flowers standing on the dressing-table, and thought of Claude. All day I could think of nothing else, and was, *oh, so happy!* But this evening when Papa came home I saw at once that something had happened. During dinner he hardly spoke, and afterwards, instead of leaving us, he followed Mamma into the drawing-room. Then he shut the door and stood with his back towards it.

"Now, Marian," he began suddenly in a *most dreadful voice*, "I want a word with you. Leave off fiddling with your apron and stand still." I was trembling all over, but I managed to obey him. "This morning," he went on, "who do you think had the audacity to call upon me? Why, Mr. Prior, Mr. Claude Prior, if you please! I'd forgotten who the fellow was or I wouldn't have seen him. And what do you think he had come to ask? Why, if he might pay his addresses to you. And he even had the impertinence to add that he believed you were not averse to him. I told him at once that it had nothing to do with you, and then what did he say but: 'Well, who is it to do with, then?' And he continued that his means were at present insufficient, but he hoped within a year or so to have something substantial to offer. And then I had him shown out. Now, Marian," he ended, suddenly fixing his eye on me more harshly

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still, "what have you to say? Speak out."

"I love Mr. Prior," I answered, although I could hardly move my lips.

"That's enough," snapped out Papa. "And as for you, Eleanor," turning to Mamma, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself winking at such deceit."

"He appeared to me a very amiable young man," Mamma ventured to say.

"Amiable! No doubt. Fools always are amiable. No one ever accused me of being amiable. It is not amiability one requires in a son-in-law. And I forbid you, Marian, ever to write or speak to this young fop again. And you will send in your resignation to the lawn tennis club at once. I knew no good would come of it." With which he picked up the *Times* and left us.

"Oh, Mamma, Papa is unkind," I could not help saying, but Mamma shook her head at me.

"You must not call your father unkind, Marian," she reproved me. "Things frequently appear hard to young people, but they must allow their elders to know better." But she kissed me, and then I began to cry, and came away to my bedroom.

I think I have been crying ever since. The blots on this letter are all tears. Oh, Clara, my heart is broken. I know Papa will never, never consent, and I shall live the rest of my life a bitter, disappointed old maid. But I shall never forget Claude or love anyone else.—Your miserable

MARIAN.



To-Day

Letters from Marjorie Hayes to her friend, Phyllis Elsworthy.

3 CAMPDEN ROAD,
SOUTH ROYDON,
January 4th, 1917.

DEAR PHIL.—I believe I've owed you a letter for ages. So here goes. How are you? Very fit, I hope. Also that you're still enjoying yourself at your V.A.D. job. I'm working at the canteen here, and it's no end sport. We get all sorts of Tommies in, and some of them are lovely. One Scotchman yesterday, after I'd given him a cup of tea, asked me if I couldn't manage a wee drappie Scotch with it. I told him it was as much as my place was worth, and

he quite took it in. By the way, I have one bit of news for you. I am engaged to Frank Grimwade. Yes, really, properly and respectably engaged! Isn't it funny? You see he's been home quite a long time waiting for his knee to get right, and of course he's always been keen on me, and people are such gossiping idiots. Not that I care, but at last one day Aunt Marian came over. You know Aunt Marian. I believe she and your Aunt Clara were friends centuries ago—and she's as stuffy as sawdust, and rather more proper. She told Mother that Frank and I were being talked about, and a lot more. And she even had the cheek to speak to me. "You know, Marjorie," she said in her funny prim voice, "it is not nice for a girl"—I wonder she didn't call me a young lady—"to gain a reputation of running after young men."

"Why, bless you, Auntie," I put in, "I don't run after them. It's they run after me. Didn't young men ever run after girls in your time?" I went on innocently, although, of course, I said it all on purpose, "or was it always the other way round, then? Did you run after Uncle Claude?" I could just imagine Aunt Marian running after anybody, but she turned quite pink.

"My dear Marjorie," she said in her stiffest voice, "for three years your Uncle Claude had to wait patiently for me before my father would give his consent to our becoming engaged, and during all that time I hardly saw, much less corresponded with, him."

"Rather rough on Uncle Claude, wasn't it?" I murmured. As a matter of fact, I know Grandfather Hayes is a horrid old man. He lives with Aunt Marian now, and bullies her right and left. The last time I saw him I was quite young and silly, and I put salt instead of sugar in his tea, and he was furious, and forbade Aunt Marian ever to invite me to the house again.

"It must have been something like Rachel," I said out loud; evidently Aunt Marian expected me to say something. "Wasn't it Rachel or Jacob or someone who served seven years for a husband?—I mean the other way round, of course. Well, anyhow, Aunt Marian," I added, seeing she was looking at me down her nose, which always annoys me, "if, as you say, people are talking about us, I suppose the only thing will be for us to get engaged. Perhaps



"We get all sorts of Tommies in, and some of them are lovely."

Drew by
William Lovett

THE QUIVER

it'll save a lot of bother, and if either of us gets fed up we can easily be unengaged again." And then I thought she really would have a fit, so I went out. But that very night I told Frank about it, and he was keen, so we fixed it up. Dad cut up a bit rusty at first—of course Aunt Marian is his sister, although he never lived at home after he was grown up—but I told him not to be quite an old fossil, and he soon gave it up. And Mother kissed me. So there it is. When you feel like it, you can write and pour congratulations on my maidenly head. Well, bye-bye for the present.—Yours,

M. H.

January 25th.

DEAR PHIL.—Thanks for yours. Also congrats., of which, by the way, I'm sick and tired. I think it's rather dull being engaged. I told Aunt Marian so, and she groaned. I went there to tea to-day, and saw old Grand-father Hayes. He is the limit. Fancy, he wanted to know all about Frank's prospects, and said Dad was a fool to allow the engagement! I told him Frank's immediate prospects were the trenches, and that Dad couldn't have stopped us being engaged if he'd wanted to.

"Then he's more of a fool than ever," grunted the old horror, "and yet I had the bringing up of him."

"Perhaps that's why," I said—I couldn't help it, although I really hadn't meant to be rude—"he wants his own children to have a better time of it than yours did."

However, to proceed, as the novelettes say. Just as I was going Aunt Marian managed to lure me upstairs to her bedroom, and then she said in a mysterious sort of voice that she had something to show me. And what do you think it was? Why, a bunch of withered-up roses, tied with faded ribbon, and pinned on it a little old yellow visiting-card. Written on it was: "With Mr. Claude Prior's compliments."

"My dearest Marjorie," she said in a hushed sort of voice, "those roses were the first present your Uncle Claude ever gave me, the night he told me of his love, and I have treasured them ever since. Now that you love yourself you will understand." And she kissed me. Well, the first present Frank ever gave me was a pair of silk stockings, but I couldn't tell her so, and had to just murmur something that sounded sym-

pathetic and get out as quickly as possible. She is queer, and don't old-fashioned women have the weirdest ideas?—Yours, etc. (as the business letters say),

M.

February 6th.

DEAR PHIL.—I thought you might like to know that Frank has gone back to France. I saw him off yesterday. When are you coming up to town? It's ages since I saw you. Uncle Claude and Aunt Marian have just heard that Elwin—he's their only son—is 'missing.' Isn't it bad luck for them?—Yours ever,

MARJORIE.

February 18th.

DEAR PHIL.—Frank is wounded. Did you see it in the casualty list? His colonel writes there is just a chance he may pull through, but not much. He has been unconscious ever since. If only I'd answered his last letter a day sooner he'd have most likely got it before. What a little beast I am!—Yours,

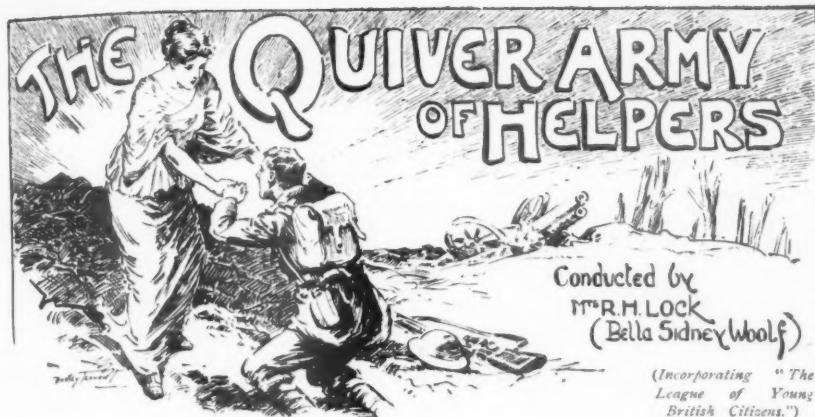
MARJORIE.

March 23rd.

DEAR PHIL.—I expect you've been wondering why I've not written since I sent you that card to say Frank was better, and had been sent to a hospital in Edinburgh. I went up to him at once. Of course Aunt Marian had fits at the idea, and even Dad insisted on going with me. Frank was awfully bad at first. He didn't know anybody, and kept on asking for a bit of white heather he'd given me when he said good-bye. I had to write to Mother and get her to send it. And, directly I gave it to him, he held it in his fingers and was quite contented, and after that he got well as quickly as anything. We were married last week, and, as he has another ten days' leave, we shall have a lovely time. Fancy me joining the war brides! Aunt Marian thinks it dreadful, and that we aren't properly married without all the family looking on. As a matter of fact, though, she's so bucked that Elwin has turned up all right after all that she's quite affable to me, and is always asking me to tea. But when Frank goes back I shall take up some real work, as I don't want a minute to think until he comes home again. What a hateful war this is!—Yours ever,

MARJORIE GRIMWADE.

I shall always keep that piece of white heather. How you'll laugh!



"So long as you are ready to die for humanity, the life of your country will be immortal."

Mazzini.

DEAR ARMY OF HELPERS.—I am going to take you back to what may appear ancient history to some of you—the Commemoration of the Heroic Deeds of the First Seven Divisions. This took place on December 15th at the Albert Hall; it was my privilege to be present, and I am reviving the memory of it, because continually during the commemoration my thoughts turned to you. I wished with all my heart that you, who are banded together to do your utmost for the men who have fought and are fighting and suffering for us, could see that wonderful demonstration. For in this war there is so little to stir the imagination and to fire the enthusiasm of those who work and wait at home. To everyone who took part in that gathering there must have come thoughts too deep for tears. The celebration was in so many ways unique. It was not a memorial service, for it was to do honour to those of the "contemptible army" still living, as well as to those who died. And yet, because "the dead are many and the living few," there was as much of mourning as of triumph in the commemoration.

As we came out into the cold grey evening, I thought :

If only I could bring home to every reader of THE QUIVER the need for each one of us to do our very utmost for the men who have given all—and are still giving every moment of the day—youth and strength and love and life—they would pour out their gifts and lavish every spare moment to repay in some small measure this boundless debt.

Through them we enjoy life, liberty, the warmth of our firesides. They suffer pain and hardship, cold, and untold dangers. Let us—this small band of Helpers—resolve to give generously from small or big store, both in money and labour—during the months to come.

Our Third Collection for the Silver Thimble Fund realises £76 18s. 9d.

I felt quite thrilled when I opened Miss Hope

Clarke's letter and saw the result of the Third Collection for the Silver Thimble Fund :

"DEAR MRS. LOCK.—"December 5th, 1917.

"I know you will be pleased to read the news about your third parcel, received in November. You and all your QUIVER Army of Helpers have reason to be proud of the results of one month's work. We are delighted. The valuation is as follows :

	£ s. d.
11 oz. gold at 39s. per ounce .	21 9 0
102 oz. silver at 3s. per ounce .	24 6 0
141 oz. gilt metal at 3s. od. per ounce .	2 10 9
Saleable coins	2 16 6
Saleable items	25 8 0
Cash	8 6
	<hr/>
	£76 18 9

"The item marked 'Cash' is made up from the current coins with holes in them, found on bracelets, watch-chains, etc. We can get full value for them. This time there were only fifty-nine old thimbles, but that is quite a good number.

"It is a great encouragement for us to feel that after collecting these oddments for two and a half years there has been such a splendid response from your QUIVER Army of Helpers in a single month! We thank you and each contributor very heartily.

"Yours very truly,
H. E. HOPE CLARKE."

"The Quiver" Motor Ambulance Dream

I call it a dream, but it seems to me that if every reader will respond as loyally as those who have already sent we ought to make "THE QUIVER Army of Helpers' Ambulance" a reality very soon. We have raised £150 18s. 7d. so far, and we only need

£400

to supply an ambulance.

Will everyone have a look round his or her treasures and see what can be spared? I am quite ready to receive silver coins, too! Remember, every fragment of silver or gold helps to provide the ambulance that carries our wounded men to the skilled medical aid and

THE QUIVER

nursing that will relieve their sufferings or restore them to health.

I want to give some extracts from the many letters that accompanied the quantities of silver and gold oddments and ornaments that have found their way to this office :

"Having read your appeal on behalf of our noble soldiers and sailors, with pleasure I enclose herewith three medals, one of my own and two of a brother long since gone home. I am glad they can be used for such a good cause." (Catrine, N.B.)

"A little treasure of my mother's. I hope it will be a little help for our heroes." (Southport.)

"As an old reader of THE QUIVER, I am interested in THE QUIVER Army of Helpers, and we are sending a few bits for the 'Thimble Fund' ('we are seven laundry-maids'), and wish it could have been more." (Worksop.)

"I have sent a few bits of old silver and a few bits of fur and kid, and hope they will be of a little use. I am sorry it is not of more value, but I am not in any way rich, only in sympathy." (Boothby.)

"Having read your appeal in THE QUIVER for old trinkets or gloves, I send the enclosed to help, in however small a way, our gallant troops, and am very sorry they express so poorly what I would do for them if I could. My own dear son is serving with the colours, almost three years now, so I realise day by day what sacrifice means." (Belfast.)

"I have read your letters in THE QUIVER with much interest, and should like to be enrolled in the Army of Helpers. I have many calls upon my purse, etc., and am afraid that my help will not amount to much in the course of a year, but as you say, 'It is many small things that make a big whole.' I enclose £1 towards St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors—also some old kid gloves and two or three silver ornaments. It goes to my heart to part with the bracelet, which was a present from my brother (who died about two years ago) on the occasion of his marriage, I having been one of the bridesmaids and silver trinkets being just then in fashion; but I feel sure that if he knew what use I was putting it to he would be glad." (Teddington.)

A Further Supply of "Gay Bags"

I am glad to say that we were able to send a further supply of "gay bags" to Mrs. Ord Marshall. We dispatched 291 shortly before Christmas, and you will see that they came just when they were needed.

I hope my readers will continue to supply these bags, and for the benefit of those who have not seen the appeal before I will describe what is required. "Gay bags"—a name bestowed on them by the French soldiers—are bags made of gay cretonne or sateen—preferably patterned with roses or other flowers—and given to the soldiers in hospital to hold their odds and ends. The League of the Empire sends them out and adds a few little gifts—handkerchiefs, pencil and writing block, towel, cigarettes, etc. In answer to numerous inquiries, the size of the bag can vary from 10 to 12 inches to 12 by 14 inches. There should be a draw-string round the top. Both sides of the bag need not necessarily be of the same material, but one wants them to be as pretty as possible.

Here is Mrs. Ord Marshall's letter of thanks :

"November 29th, 1917.

"DEAR MRS. LOCK,—

"I have again to write and thank you for the beautiful 'gay bags' sent by members of THE

QUIVER Army of Helpers. We are so glad to have these, for only a few days ago I received a letter from the Sister in charge of a large Casualty Clearing Station, saying 'I venture to ask if the League of the Empire could help by letting me have some filled "gay bags" or some small things that would do as gifts for the men. By being in here it means that they get no mail on Christmas morning, and have to miss their Christmas greetings from home. Unless they are very ill they do not stay here long enough to get answers to their letters.' I am sure members of THE QUIVER Army of Helpers will be glad to know that some of their bags, filled with little gifts, have been sent in response to this request.

"Some of your members were kind enough to enclose a handkerchief or a booklet or little lavender bag and pin cushion in the bags they sent. Will you please thank them for these? I need hardly say how grateful we are for any little gifts to put in the bags, for we send these away to the hospitals all the year round.

"With kind regards,

"Yours sincerely,

"E. M. ORD MARSHALL,

"Hon. Secretary."

Helpful Gifts from Schools

Miss K. E. Hebditch sent me fifty-six bags made by a class of fourteen girls at Acton House School, Martock; and Miss Kate Southerden sent me twenty-five bags "made by my school-girls for 'Tommies,' at East Peckham Girls' School."

My warmest thanks to the girls and to all other QUIVER readers who have responded so well. Please remember the League of the Empire can do with any number of these bags.

Gifts of Scraps and Coloured Pictures

I have received a quantity of pictures and scraps for the scrap-books which some people make for the wounded soldiers in hospital and also for the dug-outs and huts in France. Please note that Christmas cards are not required: they are too thick to stick into the scrap-books. I shall be grateful for more pictures and scraps, and I thank all those who have sent up to now.

Silver Paper Required

Please save any bits of silver paper from cigar and cigarette boxes or chocolate boxes. The Quartermaster of a convalescent hospital for soldiers has asked me to send it to her. She sells it and buys comforts for the men with the proceeds. She is ready to receive any quantity.

Fur and Kid Gloves Urgently Needed

We sent two more parcels of gloves and fur to Miss Cox for the Glove Waistcoat Society. This organisation uses old kid and suede gloves and odd bits of fur to make windproof waistcoats and gloves for mine-sweepers. Any and every piece of fur and all old kid or suede gloves are useful. The work is done by poor semi-stresses who would otherwise be hard hit by the war.

Miss Cox writes :

"We thank you most gratefully for the parcels of gloves and fur just received—they are indeed most acceptable—and we thank the readers of THE

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

QUIVER very sincerely for their continued and welcome support. Our stock of gloves, fur, and leather is terribly low and very difficult to replenish. We hope very much they will be able to send us more when possible."

I received some splendid parcels of fur and gloves; but please remember even one pair of gloves or a small piece of fur helps to provide comfort and warmth to the men who guard our shore in the icy winds of the North Sea.

A Corner for Questions of all Kinds

Uxbridge.—I regret to say that I mislaid a letter from a young lady living at Uxbridge, who desired to fill up some spare time with war work. I trust she will forgive me when she hears that I received it shortly after I had had the news that a beloved brother had fallen in France, and consequently many letters, etc., were put aside. If she will kindly write to me again I shall be very glad to advise her to the best of my ability.

Miss Jean Barry is often at Cambridge, where she visits the military hospital and takes the men books. If any readers of THE QUIVER have friends or relations there who would like a visitor, will they kindly write direct to Miss Barry?

Charles H. Jackson, Diocesan Boys' School, Hong Kong, would like to know if there are any other members of the QUIVER Army of Helpers in China?

Mrs. Baynes, Cumberland, would like to know of an inexpensive method of softening rabbit skins in order to make them suitable for the waistcoats and gloves made for mine-sweepers by the Glove Waistcoat Society.

Miss P. M. S. Lowe appeals for odds and ends of wool of any colour, length, or thickness. These bits are knitted into squares by the village children from the ages of three to eight, and made into patchwork blankets for the wounded soldiers who have to use spinal or bath chairs. The children made enough squares in a fortnight to complete two blankets.

Please address all replies to these questions, and also gifts of wool, direct to the office, and I will forward them to the inquirers.

Another Long List of Kind Donors

My warmest thanks to all those kind and generous helpers who sent contributions to St. Dunstan's Hostel; the Blinded Soldiers' Children's Fund; the maintenance of "Philip" at the Home for Little Boys, Farningham; oddments and valuables of silver and gold for the Silver Thimble Fund; gloves, fur (in some cases whole coats and capes and sets of fur), pictures, scraps, "gay bags," and letters, and I trust that all who sent have received a post card already thanking them for their gifts. Here is the list of names:

Mrs. Bell, Miss Briggs, A. E. Morris, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Longford, Mrs. Eatough, Mrs. Caudwell, Winifred Rider, K. Bennett, E. and M. Boosey, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Tetlow, Miss A. R. Camlin, Miss E. J. Fraser, Miss Weatherhead, E. Edwards, Mrs. Howells, Annie Alston, A. Blair Car, A. Macdonald, Miss M. Gillott, Miss K. E. Hebditch, M. Barnes, B. Muggison, "Margaret" (Dundee), Mrs. Bardwell, J. A. Calms, Anonymous (for the Silver Thimble Fund), Miss E. O'Connor, Mrs. Beale (Andover), Margaret Forbes, Miss M. Piper (Matron at Uplands School, St. Leonards-on-Sea), Miss Thorp, J. I. T. Preston, H. M. H. (Hastings), Miss Hicks, Mrs. J. B. Lloyd, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Drum-

mond, Jane Hughes, Mrs. Baxter, Edith M. Youdan, Miss A. Hawkridge, Miss Margaret M. Sutherland, Mrs. Muir, C. E. Raymond, Miss E. Turner, Miss Rankin, Misses L. and N. Swan, Mrs. Pope, F. Hammond, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. W. H. Youe, A. E. H. (Killough), Miss Bertha Smith, Mrs. G. R. Williamson, Mrs. Cronk, E. Murgatroyd, Miss Burwood, J. Davidson, Barbara Lyon, M. J. Tindle, K. Kidd, E. A. Patterson, E. A. (Leytonstone), D. M. L., M. Graham Hogg, Miss Sherlock, Anonymous (Plymouth), E. E. Ludlow, Mrs. G. Foster Bell, Mrs. Martin, A. Glendinning, Anonymous (Kelvinside), Miss Laycock, "A QUIVER Reader," Mrs. Parsons, S. H. (a reader of THE QUIVER for many years), M. E. Carny, Miss A. E. Anscombe, Miss Knight, Miss Thorp, the Misses King, Lillian Dyson, Mrs. Scott Clarke, H. B. D., Mrs. Dadson, Miss E. L. Anwell, J. A. Miller, Miss Ames, Mrs. Miller, Miss Shield, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Joyce, M. O. Bonthron, E. Beckwith, S. H. Stead, Miss H. Constance Harding, Kate Southerden (a reader of THE QUIVER), Anonymous, "Sympathy" (Glasgow), E. M. Dyer, Miss S. Clarke, Ethel Banks, Miss Porteous, Miss C. A. Gladstone and Miss Florence Gladstone, Miss Drummond, Margaret Moncur, S. H. Foster, Miss M. Dun, Miss Pratt, Miss Ethel P. Woolley, Miss C. Maynard, M. Hog, Mrs. Thornborough, Miss M. Podmore, Mrs. Howard, Miss S. Morriss, M. J. Hall, the Misses Hunter, Mrs. Phair, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Puzy, Mrs. W. A. Baird, "From Two Sisters" (Durham), Mrs. Simmons, Miss Coleman, Miss Phyllis Lowe, Miss O. Parkes, E. Verney, Mrs. Blundell, Miss Mabel Jackson, H. M. Walkden, Miss E. Cunningham, Miss K. Whitehouse, Mrs. Jermyn, A. Thaleon and M. Graham Hogg, M. Jones, Mrs. Watts and Miss May P. Watts, Agnes M. Russell, Mrs. Poupard, Mrs. Keen, Margaret Butland, T. P. Gilbert, Miss B. Foster, "An Old QUIVER Reader" (Dundee), J. H. Donaldson, Mrs. Swain, Miss E. M. Leishman, Mrs. Arthur Sugden, Mrs. A. J. Herring, Mrs. R. J. Fenwick, Miss H. Barns, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. G. H. Hiles, S. C., Miss L. M. Barnes, Miss M. Brown, Mrs. Ludlow, Mrs. McLellan, Lilian G. Blown, Mrs. Lowinsky, Thomas Lawton, Miss E. S. Paterson, Miss B. Press, Irene C. Semmons, Mrs. Fox-Thomas, M. Dobson, G. Bill, Miss Florence Nightingale Fair, "Two Well-Wishers," Mrs. J. Turnball, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Agnew, Anonymous (Ipswich), Dorothy Brown, Miss Goult, Miss A. G. Mason, Miss Winifred Rider, "From one who wishes with all her heart she could do more," G. O., F. J. Rumsey.

Owing to pressure on space, I am unable to give full extracts from letters containing gifts received for St. Dunstan's Hostel and for the Blinded Soldiers' Children's Fund, and for "Philip." These will be given next month.

May I ask all correspondents kindly to sign their names very distinctly, and to add Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist me in sending an accurate acknowledgment.

Yours sincerely,
BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(Mrs. R. H. LOCK).

All letters, silver and gold oddments for the Silver Thimble Fund, kid gloves and fur for the Glove Waistcoat Society, books, silver paper, gifts of money for the Blinded Soldiers' Children's Fund and for the support of "Philip" at the Home for Little Boys, Farningham, should be sent to Mrs. R. H. Lock, THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. 4. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Cassell and Co., Limited.

OUR MOTTO COMPETITION

Readers' Help wanted to make it known
£10 for the Best Motto worked by a Wounded Soldier

By THE EDITOR

TIME flies. It seems still a long way to April 6th, but there is not much time between now and then for our competitors to do good work, and I want to urge all our wounded and convalescent men who have the chance to make a start straight away.

During these past forty months you men have shown skill and adaptability equalled only by your courage. Now is a chance for resource, ingenuity—and possibly some courage!—on another field. All I want you to do is to make a Motto. Find out some suitable words—words that you yourself would like to see on the wall when you awake in the morning. Then see how you can draw them, or paint them, or sew them—or execute them in any way known to your thought and skill. You must not spend more than Two Shillings on the material—beyond that you have a free hand.

April 6th is the last day for receiving entries. But do not wait for the closing day. Mottoes should be dispatched as soon as they are ready—the sooner the better. See that they are properly packed and addressed.

To my Readers

I am glad to hear of the interest readers generally are taking in this Competition; but ever so much more will have to be done if the Competition is to be the success I hope for. Thousands of wounded men in our V.A.D. and other hospitals have the time and the talents, but they have never heard of this Competition.

Will you give them the chance?

Not only will our convalescent men be glad to hear about the Competition; they are delighted to read the stories and articles in the magazine itself. Of course, some reading matter finds its way to the wounded—some books that are good and some poor indeed! But the cry is always for more. Will you give some copies of

THE QUIVER to wounded men, and tell them about this Competition?

The Rules

The Rules are as follow:

1. The Competition is only open to Wounded or Invalided Soldiers and Sailors.
2. The Motto may be upon any material—paper, board, linen, canvas, etc.—and drawn, painted, or worked by any process—water-colour or oils, cotton or silk, or any other method. But the cost of the materials used must in no case exceed Two Shillings, and the finished article must not be more than 3 ft. in its longest dimension.
3. Each Motto must be accompanied by the Special Coupon (which appears on the Editor's Announcement Page in the front of the magazine), with the name, address, and rank of the competitor.
4. The entries must be addressed to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, marked "Competition," and sent carriage paid. They must be received by the Editor not later than April 6th, 1918.
5. The decision of the Editor is final.

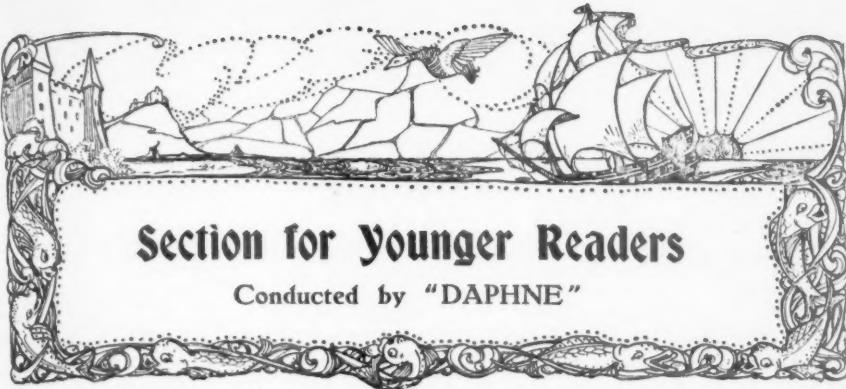
The Prizes

The First Prize will be Ten Pounds, the Second Five Pounds. Other prizes, consisting of handsome volumes, will be awarded in accordance with the number and merit of the entries received.

I want thousands of Mottoes sent in for this Competition. Do your best work, and even if you do not win a prize you will get the pleasure and interest out of the work itself.

The Entries

If stamped addressed wrappers are enclosed with the entries, every endeavour will be made to return these to the competitors. If, however, stamped covers are not sent, it will be taken for granted that the competitors wish the Editor to dispose of them where they will be put to the most useful purpose. The entries winning the first and second prizes will not be returned.



Section for Younger Readers

Conducted by "DAPHNE"

CONCERNING THE CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

THE Poetry Competition this month has been rather a difficult one to judge. Although the general standard was high as regards versification, there was no one outstanding poem, and there was very little display of originality, either in the choice of theme or metre. Of course, in writing verse for children there is not much choice of metre, since it must be very simple and run with an easy swing, but as regards originality of theme I was very disappointed. Nobody seemed able to get away from such well-worn subjects as naughty black kittens, mischievous puppies, dolls and toys that walked and talked at night, and fairies who sailed in elfin boats down silvery, moonlit streams.

Result of the Poetry Competition

Taking them all in all, the fairy poems were the best. Some of the poets showed quite a pretty gift of imagination, and if only the verse itself had been a little stronger, one at least of the fairy poems would have been in the running for the prize. As it is, however, I have decided to award the Book Prize offered by the Editor for the best "Poem for a Child" to MARY IRELAND, for her "Rocking-Horse Song." This competitor is only 14, and taking her age into consideration, I think her effort shows the most merit. I have altered the third line of her last verse a little, as it quite spoilt the metre as it stood, but otherwise the poem is just as she submitted it.

The following competitors are highly commended :

Enid Lowrie Duthie, Winifred Rintoul, Irene Holloway, A. M. Richmond, Iris Cutting, Josephine Lary, Hilda A. Bond, Greta Costain, Winifred Mary Yates, and Fred G. Sykes.

The Prize Poem

A ROCKING-HORSE SONG

I

My pony is brown, with a lovely long tail;
And a glossy black mane on his head—Oh!
He stands in the corner quite close to the door;
And his saddle and harness are red—Oh!

II

Of course I'm pretending—but isn't it fun
To ride away in the morn—Oh!
To ride far away between hedges of gorse
And golden fields of corn—Oh!

III

"Oh, gallop, my Dobbin, oh, gallop along,"
Faster and faster I fly—Oh!
The skylark is singing, its song I can hear,
Though it's far away up in the sky—Oh!

IV

So it's gallop away with a right merry lay,
Over stone and cobble and furrow;
Then back to the nursery we hasten again
Before my mother's astir—Oh!

MARY IRELAND.

Drawing Competition : A Girl's Head

The juniors have it all round this month in the competitions! The drawing prize also goes to a reader who is quite one of the younger competitors. Four of the entries ranked almost even, but one was sent in by a reader who was so much younger than the other three that the prize, without any question, is awarded to her. MONA SPENCER, aged 15, is the lucky winner of the Half-guinea. If the promise shown by this young artist is fulfilled she ought to be heard of in the future.

The work of the following competitors is highly commended :

Alexandra Dick, Gladys S. Hilder, Gladys K. Forbes, Madge Parsons, Nancy King, Adelaide Jago, Winifred Mary Yates, Albert Edward Barnard, Mary K. Hull, Marjorie P. Jackson, Hubert S. T. Deane, Marjorie Cane, Nancy K. Trifitt, Helen M. Spencer, J. C. Davies, Doris Sinclair Jones, Penelope Beadnell, Bessie Brownlee, and Frank Cumberland.

New Competitions

One of our readers has suggested that for a Literary Competition we should have as a subject "The Reconstruction of a Historical Scene."

THE QUIVER

I think this would make quite a good competition, and I have pleasure in using the suggestion. Will you please write in your own words—not more than 500 in all—a description of some scene from history, such as the murder of the little Princes in the Tower, Charles II. hiding from his enemies in the oak-tree, or some other scene of which you have a vivid impression in your mind? Needless to say, you must not copy your description from any book, nor must you allow yourself to be too much influenced by any book you may have read. I want your own individual impression of the scene, and though, of course, historical accuracy should be aimed at, yet a certain amount of poetic licence will be allowed. There will be a prize of Half a Guinea for the successful competitor.

A History Picture

I think the same subject will do excellently for our artists as well. There will be a prize of Half a Guinea for the best drawing received at this office not later than March 20th, entitled "A Scene from History." Do not forget to give your picture a sub-title. It is just possible—only *just* possible, of course, but it is a contingency that must be guarded against—that without it the judges may not be able to recognise the scene depicted! And please certify on the drawing itself that it is your own unaided work, and has not been copied from any other picture.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written upon one side of the paper only.

2. The competitor's name, age and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate piece of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.

3. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully-stamped and directed envelope, large enough to contain it. Stamps unaccompanied by envelopes are insufficient.

4. All entries must be received at this office by March 20th, 1918. They should be addressed "Competitions," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

The Correspondence Column

The Correspondence Column has been a success—so great a success, indeed, that we are in danger of being swamped by the applications for letter-friends received at this office. Unfortunately we have not sufficient space to deal month by month with all the advertisements sent in, and as the applications show no sign of abating, there is only one course open to us—to shut down the column for a month or two. I think most of you will have found pen-friends by now—all those of you who really want them—so you will not really miss it very much. Advertisements will go on appearing for some months yet until all those already received have been inserted, but from now onwards no more notices will be accepted for publication. So will you all please note this?

Some Letter-Friends

Meanwhile I publish another long list of readers who want correspondents:

ETTRICKDALE, aged 16, would appreciate correspondents of about her own age in London or Scotland. If the latter, preferably from the south. She is interested in poetry and reading of all sorts.

GOLDEN WATTLE, Ulster, would very much like to exchange letters with soldiers belonging to the Australian Imperial Force.

A Wesleyan Private, aged 20, wants pen-friends. He is interested in books, study, hobbies, etc., and would like to hear from girls of about his own age. Write to A.S.C. BOY.

JEAN BARRY would write to any genuinely lonely soldier or sailor. She is a telegraphist, and is interested in books and photography.

FLORIZ, aged 16, fond of art and poetry, and expecting to go to the University in about a year, would like to correspond with a well-educated boy or girl in America, of her own age or slightly older.

Two young ladies living in Scotland would like to correspond with two lonely Colonial soldiers. Both are musical and very much interested in life abroad. Reply to PEGGY and ELEANOR.

ANNIE, aged 21, wishes to correspond with a reader of THE QUIVER, either boy or girl. She is fond of reading and letter-writing.

A North-country young lady would like to correspond with anyone really lonely. She is fond of writing letters of very long length. Please reply to HAPPINESS.

Wanted, a correspondent, aged over 20. A soldier serving abroad or invalided in hospital. Write to BABS.

A typist in a Government office would like to write to a lonely soldier—someone who would really appreciate her letters. Write to TYPIST.

PLAIN JANE, just 20, extremely ordinary, no attractions, writing legible, spelling weak, would like correspondents.

An English schoolgirl of 15 wishes for boy and girl correspondents of about her own age, anywhere in the world. She is fond of reading, especially poetry, and is interested in history as well as in most other English subjects.—TORFRIDA.

ESTEREL BEAUCHAMP, aged 18, working at an art school, is anxious to have correspondents in India, Egypt, Canada, and the Cape—particularly in India and Egypt. She is interested in reading, drawing, painting, story-writing, languages, history, etc.

HILDA HAWKINGS, aged 15, wishes to correspond with readers at home and abroad. She is fond of animals and books, and is rather lonely, as she has no one but her father to write to her.

COUNTRY-DWELLER would like to correspond with one or two lonely soldiers. Men fond of books preferred. Advertiser is a student teacher in a village school, and finds country life very lonely. She is interested in music and books.

A reader, aged 18, who is fond of reading and interested in art and music, would be glad to write to lonely soldiers, or lonely people of either sex if they would appreciate her efforts at letter-writing. She knows what it is to be lonely herself, and would like to try and cheer up anyone who has few friends. Please write to TWO EYES OF BLUE.

SOMEONE would like to write to a lonely soldier or sailor, or anyone who needs cheering up. Advertiser is fond of books, sports, photography, stamp-collecting and animals—in short, she is just a jolly country girl of 24.

SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS

Wanted, a girl of 16 to correspond with a boy of about the same age. Someone interested in photography and outdoor sports preferred. Write to QUIXOTE.

ROBERT GARSIDE, aged 17, would like to receive letters from a QUIVER reader who is fond of books. One from the south of England preferred, as advertiser lives in the north.

GLORIOUS DEVON, who is rather lonely herself, would be glad to write to any other lonely members of the Section. She is fond of reading, music and nature.

DERBYITE, who cannot get into the Army although he has tried every way, very much wishes for a friend, living in or near Derby, who would join him for walks, cycling, tennis, boating, etc., either a lady or gentleman. Advertiser is 26 years of age, and is interested in botany and natural history, but he finds it dull to study these subjects alone, and is very anxious indeed to find a really sincere friend who would cheer his loneliness.

DOROTHY MIDDLETON, aged 15, wishes for a letter-friend of her own age.

A girl reader, alone in "digs," would like to write to a lonely soldier. She is fond of music, books and animals, and likes "sporty" letters. Reply to CRÈPE-DE-CHINE.

DURHAMITE, a girl clerk in a railway company, would be glad of correspondents of either sex. She is fond of reading and study.

A young lady, just over 20, wishes for pen-friends. She lives in an out-of-the-way part of Scotland where the arrival of the post is the one event of the day. If a soldier or sailor, or anyone living in India, the Colonies, or any part of Africa, China or America would care to correspond, will they please write to BOG-MYRTLE.

E. M. W., an English girl of 25, would like to write to a lonely soldier or someone abroad who would really appreciate her letters. View to friendship.

Why we Must Close Down

Well, now I think you will be able to see why it has become necessary to cut off the Correspondence Column for a while. If we continue it, it will mean that we shall soon have no room for our talks about books and reading and life in general, barely room even for the com-

petitions, and the original object of our Section would be lost. Possibly I may sometimes be able to insert an occasional notice for some especially lonely person; I may even in time be able to publish a short list of readers desiring pen-friendships every two or three months; but for the present we must shut up shop.

I am very glad the scheme has worked so well. Some of the friendships have been disappointing, and one or two of the advertisers have not, I am sorry to say, quite "played the game" by the readers who answered their advertisements; but, on the whole, everything has gone smoothly, and I hope a great many pleasant friendships will result as the consequence of our few months' run.

An Amateur Magazine

I have had the privilege of inspecting the first number of a very promising amateur magazine—"The Mighty Atom"—a paper which has been started by MARION BROOKS through the medium of these pages. Perhaps some of you remember her suggestion which appeared a few months ago. If any other QUIVER readers feel inclined to know more about this magazine—which I assure you is a very ex-

cellent one—will they please address their letters to the editor, under cover to me?

Look Out for the Story Competition

Next month I hope to give further details of the Story Competition announced in the January number. I am looking forward to receiving from overseas readers a great number of entries for this competition—the first, but not, I hope, the last, for which we have given them the chance of entering. Home readers, please remember not to send in your entries before April 1st.

Now I must say good-bye until next month.

Yours sincerely,

DAPHNE.

The Prize Drawing.
(Carried out by MONA SPENCER, aged 15.)



Long Complete Story

OLD FIRES THAT SMOULDER

By GRACE MARGARET GALLAHER

Author of "Peaceful was the Night"

THE flame leaped in the resin-soaked log, throwing a flicker of light across the bed, rouging the cheeks of the dying woman, kindling her eyes and flashing out sparks from the strange Oriental gems in her ear-rings.

Anne, watching in the shadows, pitiful, yet unsorrowing, toiled in her mind to recall some generous act, some tender word, to her mother or to herself—poor clingers to her grace!—that might gild the black page of this woman's account with them.

"Alan!" An eager whisper from the bed.

"Very soon now, Granny, he'll be here."

"Best be quick." The voice gained strength. "This old engine's runnin' down awful fast."

The girl made a sound of pity.

"Oh, you'll put the old woman underground soon enough," she croaked. "But don't you fool yourselves—you aren't rid of me like that. I'll torment you all yet!"

A frightful malignity warped her face; her lean fingers threatened like spectres. Anne held a stimulant to her lips.

"Poor Granny!"—beating back her repulsion.

The old woman dozed again and made no sign that she heard. The trained nurse entered.

"I'll stay. You rest yourself a while, Miss Anne."

The girl went down the stairs, dim in the night light, through the dark parlour into the library, which lamps and a fire made cheerful. The room was long and high, and set out with old carved furniture. Old portraits hung on the walls; books lined their sides; old silver, bronze, and glass stood on the tables; a great silver bowl was full of perfume-breathing roses. But a room wins its soul from the soul of its mistress, and in this one lurked something fierce and sinister that caught at Anne's throat as she crossed the threshold.

"How this crazy old house does shake! Some day 'twill blow straight out to sea!"

She raised her eyes to a painting over the mantel, whose wide canvas and heavy gold frame covered the chimney space. It represented a young girl in white, flowers in her hands, standing at the head of a flight of stairs. The girl was beautiful and brave, and her impetuous eyes challenged Anne's as if to a duel.

"Awfully fine, Granny," the granddaughter told the painted face, "but awfully hard, even that time back."

The eyes mocked, the smile scorned, the flower-twined fingers threatened, "I'll torment you all yet!"

Springing to her feet, Anne fled across the house into the homely, comfortable kitchen, crying, "Oh, Aunty!" and flung herself into the arms of a mountain of a woman, nurse and companion of the dying woman upstairs. "It's so lonesome here, Aunty!" her face buried in the blue gingham bosom.

"Never cry, childie dear, I've got something here for to cure that. Hold up your pretty head and see."

Anne faced the brilliant smile and blazing blue eyes of a tall young fellow.

"Nanny!"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, regardless of her protesting cry:

"Jimmy Trimloe! Wherever did you come from?"

"Australia, Africa—and all the rest," casually. "Aunty, fetch out some of your good things for a man that's plumb starved."

"Ah, the same old boy!" rejoiced the old nurse.

Anne seated herself at the other end of the table, opposite her cousin.

"How come you here now, Jimmy? You couldn't know granny was sick. They only sent me word yesterday."

"It is strange." Then, abruptly, "I

OLD FIRES THAT SMOULDER

reckon the old lady has barrels of money, eh?"

"I don't know." It was abhorrent to count up the gains while that poor creature upstairs lay dying.

"Oh, my wordy, yes, sir!" put in the old woman. "She just rolls in riches, she does."

"My grandfather left her everything he had," Jim went on. "It was a big fortune for those days. Then your grandfather invested it well for her. It's been growin' sky-high all these years. I reckon it's close on a million."

Anne stood up.

"Come and see granny."

She led him through the twilight house, her hand tight in his, her big, lawless, brave cousin.

The sick woman's eyes flew open at the man's step.

"Alan?"

"No, Granny. It's Jim."

"What's he come for? Money?"

"To see you before—"

"The worms get me?" She pushed a lean hand against his breast. "You think you're finely rid of the old plague, you and Redgate and Anne; and you're all ready to parade around in your new fortune." Her voice was a mere gasp.

Anne sank on to her knees, her face hidden in the bed, shuddering.

Jim stood tranquil, inscrutable, watching anger and spite and all the poor, brief emotions of humanity fade out, brushed away by one touch from the wing of Eternity.

"Have you sent for a parson?" he asked the sick-nurse.

"He has to come a long way. He can't get here till midnight," she informed him.

He touched the kneeling girl, who stumbled out after him.

"Mammy's made your old room ready for you."

"Ha, Mammy!" he hailed a little squirrel of a woman, seen through an open door.

Anne slipped down to the kitchen. "Aunty Janey, you've always lived here along with granny. What is it makes her hate us all so, excepting just Alan? Jim and Red are her own blood kin."

The old woman stirred the fire as if it were the ashes of a great remembrance.

"Yes, yes, childie, I've grown up here, and your old granny and me have been as foster-sisters. Your granny was the handsomest girl on the whole of this western coast. Miss Henrietta Tench—that's your granny, child—was going to marry Master Talbot Moale. But old Master Tench wouldn't allow his girl to marry any poor man, so he broke it off, and then he found Colonel James Trimloe, a rich and proud man, and he married Miss Henrietta to him."

"How did granny ever let him?" She thought of the iron-fisted woman who had ruled her childhood. "Wasn't granny of an age to marry whoever she liked?"

"Gracious, childie!" the old woman went on, "you didn't know old Master Tench. He didn't care if it was right or wrong. So Miss Henrietta she married Colonel Trimloe. And oh, my wordy! the dance he did lead that poor girl! And so your granny naturally hated his two sons, poor little Master James and Master Redgate; and when they married, and each had a little boy of their own—Master Jimmy and Master Redgate—of course, she hated them too.

"Then one morning Colonel James got into one of his tantrums, and he roared and raged at Miss Henrietta, and he fell down dead—so!" She thudded her hand on the table. "Miss Henrietta went into mourning, and hardly went outside of the door, until by and by Master Tal Moale came along."

"My grandpa," murmured the girl.

"Master Talbot, he'd married a swell lady from America, but she died, and he brought with him a puny little baby—your mother. By and by he married Miss Henrietta, and he brought up the two little boys of Colonel Trimloe, and she brought up the little girl of Master Tal's first wife.

"Later on your mother was married, and Master James and Master Redgate they were married. But long before that time Miss Henrietta and Master Tal they had a son themselves, and oh, how they did fuss with him! She petted him and kissed him and pampered him. You see he was her son and Master Tal's son.

"They're all gone—Master Redgate, Master James, old Master Talbot, and young Master Tal, and poor Miss Anne; but they've left little Master Jim and little Master Red and little Miss Anne and little Master Alan, who is your cousin, and Master James's and Master Red's cousin."

"And we all detest Alan," Anne murmured under her breath. "It's a sorrowful old story, Aunty. I reckon I sort of knew it myself, some of it. Keep the fire up for Father Meade. Good night, you nice old thing!" She clasped the old woman in a quick hug.

On her way to her room she stopped in the library to see whether lights and fire were burning. She leaned against the mantel, dreaming sadly of "old, unhappy, far-off things."

Jim, when only a boy, had run away from "the narrow things of home," carrying five pounds and a box of chocolates in his pocket as a starter in life. He had wandered all over the world since. Anne's knowledge of him had been gained from a few meagre letters bearing outlandish postage stamps, and she had heard nothing

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from him for nearly two years now. It was like Jim to walk in upon her as if he'd just been out to sea fishing.

Redgate, a staid fellow, had endured his grandmother's tyranny till he was twenty-one, had taken the miserly sum she had offered him, and had gone to the south of England to enter business with his mother's people. He had never been back to the farm from the day he left.

Next, Anne's mind dwelt upon Alan, the adored grandson of an adored son, her own kin, and kin also to Red and Jim. She remembered his father, Uncle Talbot, as a brave man, his mother as a sweet woman, yet what a sour little rag of a fellow he had been, afraid of fighting the boys, bullying aer behind their backs! Talbot Moale had lived on the farm always, managing it for his mother. At his death, which had happened young, his wife and son had stayed on, although Alan had been no manner of use. At the earliest moment Alan had wrung from his grandmother every possible penny and, careless of her age and loneliness, had gone to the Midlands, taking his mother with him. He paid his grandmother a visit whenever he needed money.

Anne pictured to herself her own mother in that household—like herself the one little girl with three big boys. In spite of Henrietta Moale's hatred of her stepdaughter, the child could not have been altogether unhappy, for she had been so dear a creature that everyone had loved her.

"Mother always told me grandpa and Uncle Red and Uncle Jim and Uncle Tal were awfully good to her," the daughter comforted herself, her eyes on a low chair by the window where her mother used to sew.

When that tired mother had at last sunk to peace, Anne had steeled her courage for the great adventure, to earn her own living.

"You haven't pluck enough to earn money, Miss Anne!" Mrs. Moale had jeered. "You'll starve!"

Her mother's sorrows had burned in Anne's hot eyes.

"I'd rather!"

Yet, for all that parting, at the news of her grandmother's illness, Anne had raced down from Birmingham, her heart full of pity for the old woman dying all alone.

Was it the portrait over the mantel that stared till her flesh crept on her bones? She raised her eyes and caught one flicker of a face pressed against the pane. She flung open the long French window and stepped out into the night.

"Evenin', Miss Anne."

The mild voice and her own name calmed her.

"Come in out of the rain."

"I'm drea'ful wet," the soft drawl went on. "I just stepped ovah, as I was goin'

pas' in mah li'l boat, to ask aftah Miss Henrietta—how she's a-pullin' through. I'm Cap'n Miller—Clayborne Miller."

He was a big man with a beard, and startlingly large blue eyes like a child's. There were few of the signs of age upon him—his beard was brown, his shoulders erect; yet, in some subtle, inner way, the whole man drooped towards decrepitude.

"You've not heard Miss Henrietta—yo' grandma—speak o' mah Great Meadows Fahm, have you?"

"Why, no," wonderfully. "The Great Meadows Farm belongs to granny, and she—"

"It's mine, that fahm is—every acre of it! She's bound in honour an' justice to will it to me!"

"Indeed, granny will do the right thing about it," Anne soothed him, wishing she could trust her own words.

"Yes indeedy, miss. I don't reckon I'd better stay 'ere longer, drippin' rain ovah all yo' things. I'll bid you good night."

He seemed to melt into the darkness.

Upstairs Anne found Jim and drew him into her room.

"Jim, have you ever heard of Captain Clayborne Miller?"

"Of course I have. He's an old sea captain here. Why?"

Jim studied the pattern in the rug while she told him; then plunged the query at her: "Did you ever hear much about my grandpa Trimloe?"

"He was an outrageous-tempered man and granny never loved him."

"Captain Clay's the chief reason, Anne. His mother was the beautiful daughter of grandpa's estate agent. She married Clay Miller and died when her son was born. Grandpa gave her husband many thousand pounds, I reckon."

"What did he mean by the Great Meadows Farm being his?"

"Grandpa left it to him in some sort of document—I never saw it—and forgot to sign it, and granny wouldn't let go of it."

"Jim, did she ever really love anybody in her whole life?"

"Your grandpa and Alan."

"Alan!" with deep scorn. "Do you know what he is like?"

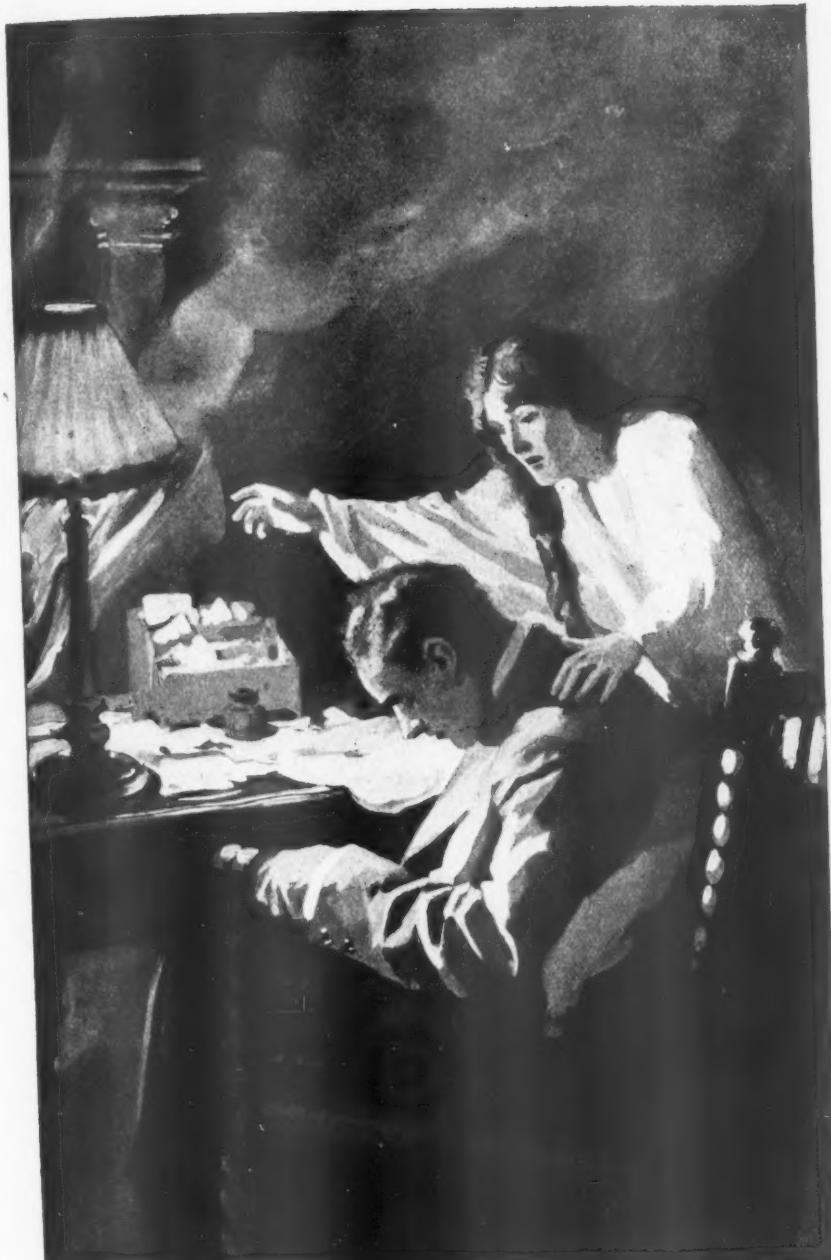
"I used to."

"I work in the office of the man who was his partner. Alan cheated him, ruined him—now he blackens his name."

"I'm not surprised."

"He married Charlotte Hillen, a sweet little thing till he terrified her so she's just a mindless dolly. He's got thousands out of granny—There's the parson now!" She turned downstairs.

"If ever a woman needed confession, granny's that woman," Jim muttered, as he followed.



"She ran to him, her hand on his shoulder. 'Alan—Wake up!'—p. 460

Drawn by
A. Gilbert,

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The dying woman received the clergyman's ministrations in a daze from which she did not rouse at dawn, when Redgate Trimloe reached the house. At sunrise Alan, too, arrived. When his name was said into her ear over and over, she did lift to a spark of fire, kissed him, spoke his name and took his hand, then dropped asleep again. An hour later, still holding his hand, she slipped away into the sleep everlasting.

The next three days were filled with the hurrying activity that follows death. Anne had to plan and direct everything.

She flew from room to room, from house to stables, Redgate and Jim eager to help her but unable to get hold of the old life enough to be really useful.

The night after the day of the funeral all Mrs. Moale's near kin sat in the library, waiting for the lawyer to read the will. **There were only the four grandchildren**—Redgate and James Trimloe, Anne Moale Carrington, and Alan Moale—and Alan's wife, Charlotte. The room was still and sombre; the people constrained and restless.

"This house is horribly lonesome. It must be miles from anybody," Charlotte quivered out from her corner.

"It's only a mile," Alan shot over his shoulder at her roughly.

"Anne, did granny keep her jewels in the house?" he added presently.

"All of them, loose in her dresser drawers, and rolls of bills too."

"It's not safe!" Alan protested.

Jim left the room, Anne fancied in disgust.

"I used to own an old bulldog pistol. I'll hunt it up." Alan also went out.

"Anne," Redgate began at once, "do you need granny's money very much?"

"What I earn, Red, is all I've got in the world." Neither one heeded Charlotte.

"The money means success to me. I've put all I've got in a big thing. If I can brace it up with twenty or thirty thousand more I'm a made man; if I can't I stand to lose every penny."

"Alan needs help too," Charlotte thrust in. "He's got all tangled up in some sort of trouble."

"Every one of us thinking money, money—poor granny's money," Anne laughed sadly.

Alan came in.

"Can't find the old shooting-iron," he remarked. "Red and Jim and I used to fire it at a target."

"This is my friend." Jim held a pistol in his hand.

Anne reached for it. "Let's see it."

"You always could handle a gun, Anne," Jim laughed.

"Who's that?" Anne swung on a pivot towards the long window.

"It's just me." The man smiled in uneasy excuse. "I reckoned likely now you'd found out somethin' particular 'bout my Great Meadows Fahm." His voice died out in a murmur.

"Why, it's Captain Miller!" cried Anne, drawing away.

"Hallo, Captain."

Jim gave him his hand, and, after an instant, so did Redgate. Alan stared at him loweringly, his hands in his pockets.

"We none of us know anything about my grandmother's property," he said curtly. "The will hasn't been read yet."

"Won't you come in out of the rain?" Redgate hurried to cover up Alan's speech.

Captain Clay drew off his mac and held it awkwardly from him. Anne laid the pistol on the mantel and went to him quickly.

"I'll hang it up for you in the saddle room," with a gesture towards the door.

The stranger found a chair deep in the shadows. Jim took one next to him with defiance, and Anne, in a queer partisanship, seated herself on his other side. No one spoke. The relief was great when a servant suddenly announced the arrival of the lawyer, who set about his task at once.

"First, I should like to say that the terms of the will I am about to read are exceedingly distasteful to me. I regard them as unjust. I laboured with the late Henrietta Moale to execute another document. She refused repeatedly. I am bound to say I regard her as of sound mind. Second, by the will of the first husband, and also of the second husband of the testator, all property, real or personal, belonged to her."

The will began with legacies to old servants, to the church, and to two or three friends. The lawyer's unstressful voice read on:

"I bequeath the farm called the Great Meadows to my grandson, Alan Moale."

A furious cry burst from Captain Clay Miller:

"That's mine by right!"

"The Trimloe Estate—land, house, and barns, all outbuildings, all stock—I bequeath to my two grandsons in equal share, Redgate Trimloe and James Trimloe, with the proviso that they pay both first and second mortgages upon the property within two years. I further bequeath to them the sum of five hundred pounds apiece. I bequeath to my step-granddaughter, Anne Moale Carrington, the sum of five hundred pounds. I bequeath all my other property, real and personal, including the contents of the house upon the Trimloe Estate, to my grandson, Alan Moale, to have in use during his lifetime. I desire said property, at the death of Alan Moale, to pass to the heirs legal of his body. If said Alan Moale die without legal offspring, I desire all my

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property, of whatever kind, to be divided between my two grandsons, James Trimloe and Redgate Trimloe."

No one spoke. Even Alan could not rejoice in such an overwhelming ruin of his cousins.

The lawyer filled in the silence by an offer to go over the affairs of the estate with the heirs at any time they might wish to appoint. Alan thanked him confusedly; Redgate shook his hand and murmured something; Jim stood perfectly quiet, his eyes on the floor, his face queerly white. Captain Clay Miller stole up close to him in his noiseless way, his eyes aflame.

"She was a —" The last word fell away in a soundless whisper. He was at the window, then gone.

The next morning the rain dwindled away; a valiant sun fought with the sword of the wind to beat back the clouds, a wind that raged with winter's might. Anne, sickened with the old house, reeking now with the triumph of one man, the ruin of two others, flung on her mac and hat to go out as soon as the first gleam shone.

Accoutred for the storm, she trudged along familiar lawns and across well-loved fields.

"Why, there are the boys!" she suddenly told herself.

She waved across the fields and hurried to reach them.

"You poor boys!" thrusting an eager hand into an arm of each. It was her first word of sympathy since the reading of the will.

"It's—unjust." Redgate swallowed the oath.

Jim raved about it, ending with: "And it's an outrage on you, too, you poor child!" holding her hand hard in both his.

Anne leaned her face against his arm. In another minute she would be sobbing; she caught hold of her will.

"Look! That cloud surely means rain. Let's run for the Meadows Farm barn."

The old barn was warm and dim, and smelt of summer fields humming with bees. Anne sat down on a stanchion, Redgate seated himself beside her, and Jim paced up and down the barn floor.

"At least you've got the Trimloe Estate," Anne sought to comfort them.

"She couldn't leave that to a Moale," Redgate answered. "That's been in the Trimloe family two hundred years."

"Mortgaged for all the value," countered Jim bitterly. "It takes all the year's profit to pay interest on it."

"If she was worth a million why did she mortgage it?" wondered Anne.

"To spoil our inheritance for us," Jim flung over his shoulder passionately.

"Won't Alan do anything for you?"

"He!" scorned both the cousins.

"Listen, boys—you must ask him. He can't want to profit by his grandmother's wicked, cruel vengeance on two innocent people!"

As if by enchantment, the door opened to let in Alan, seeking shelter like themselves. He peered doubtfully into the shadowy depths.

"Who's there?"

Anne ran to him impulsively.

"Alan!" He was her kin; the same honourable blood flowed in his veins; surely he would do right. "Jim and Red are your own kin. They've been shamefully treated. You'll make it up to them, won't you?"

Redgate swallowed his pride for a bit.

"Old man," he said with difficulty, "if you'll share up on some of this with us it'll keep Jim and me from goin' under."

Alan blinked his hot eyes at them.

"I don't have the right to share, as you call it. I have only the use of granny's money till I die. Then you fellows get in on it." He laughed, for he was younger than either.

"The interest on a million is no small sum of money," Redgate explained, still patient.

"If granny had wanted you to have it she'd have willed it to you."

"Don't talk foolishness," Jim broke in roughly. "She hated Red and me, but you needn't."

"Oh, no, I've always loved you." He leered around at Anne.

"I don't ask you in the name of affection, but of justice." Jim held himself in curb. "That money belonged to my grandfather Trimloe."

"And a fine specimen of a gentleman he was!" jeered Alan.

"He expected granny to leave it to his sons and grandsons," Anne broke in.

"He ought to have put it down, then, in good, legal language."

He jerked open the barn door and started out into the rain. Anne caught her breath sobbingly, her face hidden against Jim's shoulder. She could hear his heart beating within his chest and feel his arms grip her savagely. She twisted around in his hold, and the faces she saw terrified her.

"Dear boys," she implored, "don't take it like this! I know you can make it right somehow. Go and see the lawyer in the morning and talk it over with him."

When they went back to the house, however, grim night settled upon them. At dinner the two women were the only talkers. After it Jim and Redgate went at once to the former's room; Alan piled the library table with accounts and settled into them; and Charlotte sat like an unhappy image staring into the fire.

Anne tried to talk till Alan's frowns

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silenced her; tried to embroider till Charlotte's eyes fidgeted her; tried to read till her own worries crawled over the page. The tall clock at the head of the stairs sang the hour chimes.

"Nine!" She almost shouted with joy. "I'm off to bed. Good night, everybody."

Up in her own room, she did not undress for a long time, packing her bag for the morning's journey to town, writing some letters, gazing out over the wind-swept, moon-drenched lawn, with the sea gleaming at the end of it. She heard Redgate open Jim's door and say gloomily:

"Good night, old sport."

The next minute Charlotte's voice called: "Good night, Redgate."

Then she tapped at Anne's door and pushed it open.

"Anne dear, it's eleven o'clock."

"Oh, I'll be good." Anne hastily undressed, blew out her light, and jumped into bed.

But she could not sleep. The wind moaned in the chimney, galloped on the roof, hammered at the windows, and banged at the doors. The old house plunged like a ship at sea.

"I can't stand my door!"

She ran to the loose-boned old thing and propped it wide open with a heavy stool. She could see out into the lighted hall, while her own room was entirely dark.

"Now I *will* go to sleep."

Sheep over a wall, ships on the sea, stones in a well—she counted them all. At last she slept and dreamed, ugly, frightening dreams. Some high, sharp sound rang in them, and a cry, faint yet wild.

Anne sat up in bed, trembling.

She listened, with every nerve stretched taut and the blood pounding in her ears. The gale crashed on every side—nothing else. The clock outside her door sang the half chime.

"That's half-past something, but what? I couldn't have heard any real cry. 'Twas just in my dreams," reason told her.

But out of bed she sprang, into her dressing-gown and slippers, and downstairs as straight towards the library as if the dream cry were still sounding from that quiet room. The parlour was dim and empty; the library showed light under the door.

"Alan's up yet," she thought as she opened the door of that room.

A puff of smoke, a spurt of flame. She saw in a glance that the hearth-rug was ablaze and the carved wooden sides to the fireplace, and that Alan sat quietly in the armchair by the table, where she had seen him last, his back to the door. A lamp at his side lighted all the room. She ran to him, her hand on his shoulder.

"Alan!" quick and low. "Wake up!"

His head sagged forward; he seemed to crumple down into his cushions, but still his hands gripped the arms of the chair.

"Alan!" in a whisper now. "Wake up!"

She shook him tremulously. His mouth opened as if in a kind of horrible, dumb speech. His hands dropped away, flaccid, from their hold. The girl stared from him to the fire in an attempt to measure distance. Alan was half-way across the room, but an acrid smoke began to rise from some varnish, a snake of fire glided towards the chair.

She pulled the chair from under him so that he slid to the floor. She took him under the shoulders and dragged him, long and limp, out of the library, through the parlour, into the hall.

She dropped him on the hall floor, ran back to close the library and the parlour doors, and sped, silent as ever, up to Jim's room. She stepped in without knocking, saw Jim lying in bed right in a broad trail of moonshine, leaned over him, put her hand on his cheek, and said in the same low voice:

"Jim, Alan's hurt! The house is on fire!"

Jim answered as calmly as if she had waked him to breakfast:

"All right. I'm coming."

The hideous unreality of it broke a little at his voice; she sobbed once as she sped back to Alan. Jim was down almost as soon as she, with a queer, dressed look as if he had gone to bed in his clothes. He carried the upper hall light in his hand. This he passed close to Alan's face.

"What's afire?"

"Library."

"Take his feet. To the kitchen."

They stumbled through the dining-room and the pantries into the kitchen, clear in the moonlight. Jim ran back for the lamp. Anne found brandy and forced it into Alan's mouth and poured it on his forehead. He made no motion of any kind.

"I'll get Aunty Jane. She's a nurse," she whispered. Somehow she could not find any voice in the presence of this grim thing.

"What's happened?" Redgate walked in through the kitchen door, dressed even to an overcoat.

"Alan's killed! House is afire!" Jim got up from his knees. "Shake up Booth and send him for the doctor. Anne, wake up the servants."

Like a spirit, Anne flew up the back stairs, woke the old nurse and the four others who slept in the house, stole to Charlotte and very gently told her Alan was in the kitchen hurt, then raced back to the library, where Jim and Redgate were organising a bucket line. She flung herself into

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the battle like a Trojan. The chimney was of brick, the woodwork of solid timber, the walls were soaked from the long rains. Slowly the fire slunk down, struggling to the last, and died on the ruined hearth. The blackened, drenched family stood in a wreck of tables, chairs, pictures and ornaments, and looked haggardly at one another in a saved house.

"We've got to let everything lie just as it is till the police superintendent comes," Jim said. "Booth, you rouse the agent. Red, you ride for the superintendent. Anne, you go to Charlotte. I'm going to stay here, to go over this room with the doctor. He's come and is in the kitchen."

Anne went into the kitchen, where the lamp still burned on the table. The room was empty, but a dark trail up the stairs showed her where Alan had been taken.

He was lying on his own bed, with that wonderful look of dignity death gives even the meanest face. The old nurse was with him; Charlotte was stretched beside him, clasping him in hysterical grief; and a strange man was pouring medicine into a glass.

"You're not Doctor—" Anne began vaguely.

"I am Doctor Rowden's assistant, Doctor Tall," the stranger interrupted curtly. "Nothing can be done for Mr. Moale. He is beyond need now. If—"

"He's—" The word would not come.

"Yes. Instantly. Will you take his wife away and give her this opiate? She ought to sleep. I'm going to see how this occurred."

The inquest was held the next day, the doctor, as coroner, presiding.

The dining-room looked wan and drear in the November light; the faces of the jury were unfamiliar. Anne had not been to bed at all since midnight of the past night, and she felt sick from weariness and shock. She knew hardly anything of what had happened after the fire, for her whole time had been filled with caring for Charlotte, who was still frantic in her grief. She had not even seen Jim or Redgate.

Doctor Rowden, as coroner, sat at the head of the dining-room table, the witnesses in turn taking their place at the foot. Next to the doctor was a little old man with a great nose and busy eyes—Charlotte's father, Fowler Hillen, brought down by telegram. Anne was the first witness.

"Now, Nanny"—the doctor had held her in his arms as a new-born baby—"tell us exactly what you saw and heard last night."

Moistening her lips, Anne told all that had happened, with a kind of sad simplicity far from the melodramatic.

"That's all? Thank you." Doctor Rowden asked no questions.

The next witness was Doctor Rowden's assistant, young Doctor Tall, who told the story of how he was called to the house, and the condition of things upon his arrival. The man's death had been caused by a shot through the chest. The doctor had picked up a pistol which had one empty chamber, and the bullet fitted it. Death could not have been self-inflicted, as the shot was fired from a distance of at least ten feet.

Redgate testified as quietly as if no personal concern entered into it:

"I talked with my cousin Jim till eleven o'clock, but when I went to my room I knew I could not sleep. I looked out into the moonlight and, in spite of the wind, decided to go out into it. I walked down the drive to the road. There I met Charles Jordan, a man I knew when I was a boy. He was going to the wharf to load a barge. He was just in from a fishing trip, and he was going to start again at dawn if the wind fell. I walked to the wharf with him. Julius Brown, my grandmother's estate agent, and Captain Clay Miller were there too. I talked to them while they worked. I noticed you could see this house plainly from the wharf, and that all the windows were dark except the library. That was full of light. One of the men spoke of it, and I said my cousin Alan was sitting there.

"I talked till Charles Jordan had unloaded his cart and started up to his house for another load. I walked with him to the road; then he turned south and I north. I entered the house by the kitchen, as I had left that way, and found Jim and Anne on their knees beside Alan. I ran for Booth, the groom, to get the nearest doctor."

Charles Jordan and Julius Brown were each called in turn to corroborate Redgate's story.

Then Captain Clay had to testify. He told how he had once looked at the house, had thought he saw a figure move in the room, had remembered that he had left his extra blanket on shore, and had hurried off, looking no more in that direction. He and Brown had been wakened about an hour later by Booth, who had come for the agent with the news of the tragedy.

Charlotte was called upon next, and in a jerky, tear-broken way she told her part of the story, ending with having seen from her bedroom window a man walking along the drive whom she took to be either Red or Jim.

Booth gave an account of how, upon reaching the house late, he had gone straight up to Master Jim's room to pack his things for departure the next morning. Upon leaving him he had gone to the stables to see to his horses before going to

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bed, when Master Red ordered him to fetch the doctor.

A queer little sound came from witnesses and jurors as James Trimloe took the chair at the end of the table. He was so quiet and grave that Anne, who knew him for a roaring blade, clenched her hands at the stress of his danger.

He told nothing new. At the end of his testimony Dr. Rowden held up a pistol and passed it to Anne. She remembered it at once.

"Do you recognise that, Nanny?"

"No, sir." She wondered what instinct had flung the lie from her before her will could act.

"Do you recognise it, Jim?"

"Yes, sir. It is my own."

"Where did you have it last?"

"I can't remember anything about it beyond the night before last."

He told how he had brought it down to the library and shown it to them.

"I laid it on the mantelpiece when the lawyer came," cried the girl.

"I can't remember at all." He shook his head despairingly.

Next the lawyer told the terms of the will, showing a motive for murder in the two cousins, as, at Alan's death, they would inherit the entire fortune.

Dr. Rowden took hold of the edges of the table and spoke straight on in a dead-level voice:

"You have the evidence, gentlemen. Two solutions seem possible. Alan Moale met his death at the hands of a stranger, who, entering to rob, found him seated there, snatched up the pistol he saw lying on the mantel, shot Alan in self-defence, upset the lamp in an attempt to escape, and set the house on fire. There have been two robberies lately near here. A broken lamp was found in the wreckage near the hearth. The terrible crime is easier to believe in a stranger than in one near of kin.

"Against that is this fact: If a stranger had entered by the window, Alan would have risen to meet him; if from the door, he would have been nearer the pistol than the invader. A thief would bring his own weapon, not trust to a chance-found one.

"The other solution is that some person known to Alan Moale did the murder. Three persons had reasons for disliking him or for wishing him dead: Clay Miller, who claimed the Great Meadows Farm—he has proved an alibi; Redgate Trimloe—he also has proved an alibi; James Trimloe—of him all his movements are accounted for till eleven-twenty-five. If he committed the crime he had only five minutes in which to get downstairs, through two rooms, seize the pistol, and start a flame in the room from the fireplace, in order to consume the evidences of his crime.

"It is a hideous crime to charge upon any man; how much more a kinsman! James Trimloe may have quarrelled with Alan Moale, have aimed the pistol in rage and unexpectedly discharged it, have been smitten by the enormity of his act, have flung the weapon from him, have fled from the room, overturning the lamp without noticing in his agitation that he had done so, and have hidden in his room to take counsel with himself. Remember, gentlemen, he had only five minutes to do all this."

Jim raised a strained face.

"I want to speak," in a deep, slow voice.

"It may be used against you," cautioned the kindly doctor.

"I had no friendship for my cousin Alan. He—his eyes rested on Charlotte—"he never treated me right. I was bitterly disappointed at my grandmother's will; it was an unjust one. I am ruined for the want of some of her money. Alan's death benefits me. I cannot pretend to mourn him. But as surely as some day I shall lie down in the dust, I had no part whatsoever in his slaying, nor do I know anything of the man who did it. God witness for me!"

"I pray so!" The old doctor covered his face with his hands.

Anne stepped over to Jim's side; she put her arms around his shoulders and took his hand in hers.

"I know you are innocent, Jimmy. I will believe you if everybody in the world is against you."

Jim held her hand as in a vice.

"Nanny," was all he said.

The jury were out fifteen minutes; then their foreman reported:

"We hold that Alan Moale came to his death at the hands of some person unknown, but we hold, also, that evidence points to James Trimloe as the guilty man, and we recommend that James Trimloe be held in custody without bail, pending his trial in the regular court of this county."

The inquest was ended.

Anne watched Jim ride off with the police superintendent to the county jail in a stupor of weariness too deep to be pricked by any emotion. She helped him pack his bag; she besought the superintendent for considerate treatment of him; she bade him keep up his courage, as he would be free in a week—all in a numb languor. It was monstrous, ridiculous. To-morrow she would resent it passionately; to-day it was all part of the nightmare of things. She was forced to argue with Redgate, with Charlotte, with Mr. Hillen, till her brain ached, her tongue hung dry in her mouth. All shuddered away from the ghastly thought, yet all believed that poor Jim, in a whirl of rage, had shot Alan, then set the library on fire to conceal the crime.

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OLD FIRES THAT SMOULDER

She went to bed early that night, but not to sleep. She held Charlotte in her arms, and long after the widow had wept herself to slumber she watched the white lawn with its blue-black shadows that wove themselves into shapes of madness.

At dawn she slipped out of Charlotte's hold, dressed, and went out through the silent house. Rain had begun again, so she looked for her mac in the saddle-room, just at the rear of the library. The outside door, never locked, swung open in the wind, and the pale, cold light showed human semblances in coats hanging over rubber boots, but not her mac. The nail by the door on which she had hung it was empty. She pulled down a long cape of her grandmother's, wrapped herself in that, and started out.

The cool rain freshness washed some of the ghastly stains from her soul. She could begin to think of her own part in the black business without nausea, and look to Jim as a man still alive and strong to fight for freedom.

That morning she rode her own old mare, Fancy, to see Jim. Jim was in one of the superintendent's own bedrooms, watched through an open door by a smiling deputy, who moved out of hearing while Jim and Anne covered every point in the case.

"It's a precious mean outlook for me, Nanny," Jim told her quietly. "My pistol, my awful need for money, my quarrel, my hot temper—"

"If you'd done it, Jim, you'd have had an alibi ready."

"Shrewd work, Nan! If I'd *gone* to do it, the jury will say. But they'll prove me put above myself by Alan's taunts, and shooting him in a passion and setting the room on fire in a crazy panic at my guilt."

"As if a Trimloe would be afraid to face up to his own act!"

Jim smiled in spite of his misery.

"The gallows is a right big proposition to face up to, ladybird, even for a Trimloe born and *raised*."

"Who did it?"

"Listen! I've plotted it out like this: Some little old thief crept to the light, saw Alan asleep in his chair—he was half-seas over at dinner—crawled in for his watch or the silver candlesticks, hit something, and woke Alan. The thief seized my gun, drew on Alan, shot him, and cut. He knocked over the lamp, and that did the rest. If we could find that thief—"

"We *will* find him!"

The deputy came over to say time was up.

"Keep smiling, boy." Anne tried to be jolly. "We'll have you out in a week."

She rode slowly back through the quiet, chill afternoon, her thoughts as comfortless as the day, for however much she might *know* in her own heart that Jim was inno-

cent, and however stoutly she might declare him so to a doubting world, it was a *very* dubious world—she could feel that on every hand.

It was almost night when she turned into the mansion grounds.

She jumped to the ground with a gasp of relief in front of the lighted house, leaving the mare to find the stable herself. Her foot shrank on the step. Not into the library! She ran round towards the kitchen, near which Aunt Janey and the housemaid Judy were gathering some late apples.

"Well, my childie, how d'you find Master Jim?"

"He's well and—"

"Who's there?" The old nurse clutched Anne's skirts. "I keep fancying I see ghosts and spirits all about the place."

Anne darted across in the direction of the woman's pointing hand. Everything was as before.

"I wonder if anyone hid in the saddle-room that night. Red"—Anne's cousin had run out at Aunt Janey's shriek—"d'you think anyone could have been in here?"

"It was searched the first thing."

"Let's look now."

Only the usual coats and boots, saddles and whips.

"Why, here's my mac come back! That's funny!"

Redgate did not notice.

"I'll lock the outside door, too, if you feel it worries you, Nan; and if you've got any time to-night, I wish you'd help me straighten out granny's papers. Alan ran a race through 'em that day before he was shot. They're all over his dressing-room, a regular witches' brew."

"I'll do it after dinner."

A witches' brew indeed! Anne found that her dead cousin had mixed up old letters, deeds, receipts, diaries—the contents of ancient desks for over a hundred years.

"You take the floor," Red directed. "I'll clear up the tables and chairs."

Anne's heaps were evidently from Colonel Trimloe's desk, neatly marked and tied packets—a strange orderliness in a man to whom tradition gave the reckless temper of a buccaneer. Alan had not broken the strings; each year was by itself. She stowed them back into the empty drawers without examination. One packet did halt her, because it was marked in a different hand—her grandmother's tall, thin letters: "Colonel James Trimloe's last papers." She held it a minute, slipped the string, and saw some letters in envelopes directed by various hands to him, and an envelope unstamped and inscribed in the colonel's own writing: "The Great Meadows Farm."

She drew it out in an impulse too quick to check. She saw a sheet of paper, yellow

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and soft with age, a few lines in Colonel Trimloe's precise, beautiful hand—another odd variation—and the date, November, 1845.

"Fifty-seven years ago!" Anne murmured. "Granny married again just two years after he died."

Her eyes followed the delicate tracing on the page:

"When I am dead, I charge my wife, or other heirs, that they give without delay the six hundred acres of land known as the Great Meadows Farm to Sarah Mary Williamson Miller, commonly called 'Sally May,' or, if she be deceased, to her son or daughter, for her and for her heirs for ever. This land I once promised her."

There was no signature, no witness; it had no legal bonds, only those of honour.

Anne tucked the paper into her belt, sorting again without examination all the rest of that evening.

The bustle in the house the next morning again kept Anne hard at work, with no time to seek clues.

Returning from the graveyard on the day of the funeral, Anne and an old cousin shared a carriage to themselves. Anne caught a glimpse of Captain Clay Miller looking about helplessly, unheeded and unprovided for. She leaned out of her carriage towards him.

"Captain Miller," softly, "drive with us."

The house of the cousin was soon reached; the two others jogged on alone. Sometimes the sailor watched the girl with a misty, dreaming glance; sometimes he seemed really asleep. The carriage lurched and splashed into Great Meadows Creek; Great Meadows Farm was now entered.

Captain Clay's eyes flew open.

"Miss Anne," in a whisper, "have you heard Mistah Jim or Mistah Redgate speak o' my land, the Great Meadows, here?"

"They own it between them now, I believe," very gently.

"But it's mine, mine!" His lips quivered like a child's. "Colonel Trimloe promised mah mothah befo' I was born, an' he promised me when I was a li'l' chap no mo' than so high."

The girl thought of the dim old paper in her drawer at home.

"I know he promised you, Captain Miller," sadly. Then, lest hopes never to be realised should wake: "What makes you long so for it, Captain? You've got your little house along the road, and your garden. You haven't wife or child to heir it. You're rich enough."

"I'm not thinkin' o' money, nor what money buys. I want a part o' the land that has been Trimloe freehold long ages past. Trimloe name, Trimloe land, is the way the sayin' goes here, an' heaven knows I got a right to both!"

Anne's loyalty to race flared back to him in fellowship.

"You own it by right and justice, and you ought to have it by law!"

He sat straight, said no more, and presently he called to the driver to stop.

"I got a short cut home here." And without other farewell he slipped from the carriage.

The next morning Redgate went up to the Midlands for help for Jim, and Anne went to the jail. She had no discoveries to cheer Jim, so she told him of her talk with Captain Clay. He watched her with brooding eyes.

"If a man could look ahead to see such things, he'd hold his hand most times," he told her.

Anne showed him the paper.

"Half a century of dishonour, Jim," softly.

"Listen, Anne. Think of granny's pride—to have admitted—what she must—by that gift."

"Pride! I'd have been too proud to show a soul I knew—any of it! I'd have given the land with a flourish: 'See what a lavish husband I have! Gifts to everybody!'"

"Nanny, you've never loved a man."

She opened her lips to say "No." Then she stopped, with eyes that grew large and clear, as if a light shone deep down a long way behind them.

"Granny didn't love him, Jimmy; indeed she didn't."

"Grandpa ought to have given money in trust for Captain Clay. He did that for father and uncle, which they spent long ago."

"Trimloe name, Trimloe land," Anne quoted. "He doesn't want money."

Jim repeated the words after her in a muse.

"It's been a thorn in that poor fellow's side. In granny's, too, perhaps. Leave the paper here, Nanny. It'll give me something to think of in the long nights." He saw the jailer drawing near to put an end to their talk for that day.

All the way home from the jail Anne's thoughts plodded heavily in tune to Fancy's jog, through every turn and twist of evidence, every knot and kink of circumstances. She planned an inch-by-inch hunt through house and grounds. Something must come of such an effort. Why, she'd go through the grass on her hands and knees, from the house to the jail and back, if that would help Jimmy! She was so eager for morning light to come that she went to bed at once, leaving Charlotte and her father alone in the parlour, for Charlotte had settled limply down at the mansion, in impotent expectancy of others' efforts towards finding Alan's slayer.



"She brought most of it to pass," the hurt man said, pointing to the portrait"—p. 472.

Drawn by
A. Gilbert.

THE QUIVER

The next day Anne began her hunt for the real slayer. She had no idea where to begin, nor how to keep the trail if scented. She began with the library, left just as at the end of the fire, and searched every corner of the room; then out on the porch, through the garden beds, and on the drive. Many feet had muddled traces there. She followed the long drive slowly in its slant to the gates, till she came suddenly upon Charlotte, walking with her father.

"It was here I saw Redgate that awful night." Charlotte touched the ground with her foot.

The drive curved there sharply, and the death of several trees had cleared an open space, plainly visible from the house.

"He was walking very fast when he came out into the moonlight and turned off to the grass."

"You didn't say he went on the grass, Charlotte," Anne protested.

"Didn't I?" indifferently. "Well, he did. I watched him to that tree. Then I pulled down the blind."

"But that's not down the drive."

"It was at least half-past eleven, too," Charlotte said.

Parting from Charlotte, Anne stepped to the tree her cousin had pointed out. There she sighted by all points of the compass—to the drive, to the house, to the creek. She followed the last to where the green turf began to spring and bubble, and looked down into the slow-moving stream. She could have jumped from firm ground across the marsh into the creek, which was only a foot deep there, but she knew it hollowed to six in mid-stream. The other side showed the same reedy strip before solid shore. The creek ran up its equal width to the road, where a bridge spanned it. Beyond the road it began to narrow till it trickled away into a patter from some spring. If the unknown criminal had fled here, he could have lurked under the clump of oaks, have swum over, and hidden in the trees on the other side till silence let him crawl away before the hue and cry began.

Anne followed the lawn over its smooth green to the stone wall, over that and along the road, and so down to the wharf. She searched all along the other side of the creek, especially under its few trees, for some sign that a hunted man had taken cover there—crushed reeds, trampled ferns—which her woodcraft would discern. But if he had passed that way he was a woodsman, for he had left no trace. She walked to the wharf, empty of all boats, and looked over the bay, as still this morning as a pond. A flicker of light winked in her eyes. She picked up an agate marble, woven with rainbow colours.

"Like the one that stayed all those years in my mac pocket!"

Rolling it over in her hand, she quartered the ground again to the mansion, still seeking a sign.

"I'll put this in the other pocket," freakishly.

She dropped the marble into the empty pocket—"I'll ride better so"—and put in her hand to pull out the other agate. The pocket was empty. She looked on the floor, even out on the lawn.

"Queer!"

She examined both pockets, and found one torn at the corner, as if a nail had held it and it had been jerked away.

"Someone's worn my mac—torn my pocket, and lost my marble—and this marble is mine! I'm a smart 'tec'!"

When she rode over to see Jim that afternoon, his mind was taken up with affairs other than his own peril. He had seen the lawyer, and found out many things about Mrs. Moale's fortune from him.

"Listen, Nanny. There isn't anything like a million. Half a million's all it'll reach, and the estate is dipped to its eyes. When Red and I have squared up, I'll have about enough left to buy you a Christmas present, sister!"

"You'll pay all your debts, Jimmy, won't you?"

"Every debt." His eyes met hers with a gentle steadiness different from their usual bluff encounter; his voice, also, had a quality of softness new to it. "If I go out, you'll get my share."

"What do you mean?"

"I've got to see old Red first, and things can't be all smoothed out flat, exactly, but the lawyer says we can divide up, in a way, and I can make just as sure enough a will as if I weren't hanged."

"Don't, Jimmy, don't! I can't bear any more about wills and money! I'm quite crazy now over them!"

She slipped down to the floor and hid her face against his knee.

He stroked her pretty, bright hair, curling over his knee. Anne pressed his hand against her wet cheek and laughed gaspingly.

"Your kin will work their wits dry for you, my poor boy!"

"You're no kin to me, Nan," he shot back surprisingly. "The Church allows you, all right, for Red—or me."

She did not catch his meaning.

"You're my dear cousin Jimmy, who taught me to sail and paddle and swim and ride and—"

"Climb trees and whistle and throw a ball and vault with a pole. Nan, you were a monkey to climb!"

"Am still." She stretched herself up on her toes to her slim, lithe height. "We'll climb together to some of our old friends yet, boy."

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OLD FIRES THAT SMOULDER

Pleased to have brought a laugh, she left him.
"I will get some help for him tomorrow!"

Nothing rewarded her the next day, however, although she hunted all the other side of the house, out through the lawn to the woods.

She wearied herself out tramping up and down lanes, woods, over stubble fields, ending the day with a disheartening report from the superintendent, who, with his deputy, had searched all through the near counties, and had found no tramp or unknown person who could not account for himself that night. An immense reward was posted. Hounds were running the woods.

That night Redgate came back with a lawyer and a detective from the Midlands, but Anne was too worn out to talk with them.

The next morning Redgate took the two men over to the jail to question Jim, a consultation that took so long the jailer would not allow Anne to see him at all.

"Not this morning, Miss Nanny," he told her kindly. "You see, I've stretched my office till I've heard it crack, to let you in every day; indeed I have."

It was that day Anne found her clue to—she knew not what. When she rode back from her futile visit to Jim, she turned Fancy loose in the stable, and walked again to the spot on the bank of the creek which she had examined before. She sat down where a gleam of sunshine peered through the trees, her eyes seeking the blue sky through the russet and gold leaves.

"Wonder if I could climb like I used? Jim and I could skitter up this tree fast as cats!" in a rush of freakish desire.

She gazed at the house, lonesome as if deserted, dropped her riding skirt, stood up in coat and breeches, and planted a foot in the low crotch of an oak that grew far out over the creek, bent like a bridge.

It was easy work.

"It looks as if somebody's had a walk up here, indeed it does," as her feet found notches and smooth branches. "This oak's grown much since I was up it a dozen years ago."

She crept out over the water on a long branch that swayed prettily to her weight.

"My word!" She clutched the bough in her amazement.

She reached out and loosened from a twig, sharp as a thorn, a strip of the tough cloth that lined sleeves, pockets, and neck of her mac.

"I would stake anything that fits the tear in my pocket!" She crammed it into her coat.

A tight knot of her brows brought out this:

"Somebody climbed this tree in my mac. He tore the pocket, and my marble rolled

out. What was he doing here, hiding from Jim and me and all the rest of them there in the library? But what did he want of my mac? And the marble didn't roll out till he got away over on the wharf. What was he doing on the wharf? He couldn't have climbed down and gone around by the road, because Julius Brown and Captain Clay were there. I reckon a crazy man took my mac and hid here. But that marble?"

She looked down into the water, cleared now from the mud of the rains, far into its amber depths, where fish flashed in and out. She edged out to the tip of the bough, which swayed and dipped but did not crack.

She swung gently back and forth.

"I wonder!"

She grasped the bough firmly with both hands, slid her leg over the side as if she were dismounting from a saddle, hung by her hands, and, as quietly as she could, dropped into the water.

She landed luckily, with only a small splash, clung to the fringes of the bough for steadiness, and found herself knee deep, but safely planted on the flat base of the bridge long ago destroyed. The piers reached out nearly to mid-stream; she could pick a cautious way ashore without getting in deeper. Under the low-drooping willows of the other shore, she searched on hands and knees among reeds and tree roots and mud.

Was it the print of a bare foot? She brought her face close to the ooze, but she could not be certain. High on the bank she considered things with a head whirling as much from the race of ideas as from her circle in space. Someone had crossed the creek by the tree and the hidden piers, someone carrying her mac. That someone was the murderer of Alan. But the mac had been brought back, two days after the tragedy. The criminal was here in the neighbourhood. He went about with people, for he had lost her marble on the wharf. Had he been carrying her mac there when the marble dropped? How did he know he could cross the creek? Or had he sought the thick shadows of the tree in a frenzy of concealment, gone too far out on the bough, and fallen, by chance, to safety?

She took her spinning head in her hands. Across the still day sounded the dinner horn for the stable-boys. Another problem before her! Her skirt was rolled up at the foot of the oak on the other bank. How was she going to get back unseen in this un-picturesque outfit?

She waded out on the piers, and swam half a dozen stiff-booted strokes to the other side.

At the hall door Redgate laughed for the first time since the tragedy.

THE QUIVER

"Nanny Carrington," he jeered, "you fell in the water!"

Anne, holding up a demure riding skirt, nodded.

"I did, and it's jolly cold!"

Yet before she changed she found her mac and fitted the string of cloth into the tear.

She counted the hours till morning when she could share this wonderful find with Jim, before she told even the detective. It put Jim's innocence beyond a doubt; everybody must believe now.

She was off like a shot the minute her breakfast was finished, goading poor old Fancy to feats of speed undreamed of by her for years past, and charging the jail like a squadron of cavalry.

She burst the news out at Jim, and he repaid her with a douche of cold water.

"Nobody would wear a mac up a tree, sister," he explained prosaically. "That string of cloth was *blown* there. Judy or some of the girls borrowed your mac and sneaked it back. You lost your marble yourself. The one on the wharf belonged to someone else. The man didn't take to the trees in the dead of night—even a moonlight one. He'd break his neck. Has Lanager found anything?"

Lanager was the detective, who had been scouring the county ever since he had arrived.

"I haven't seen him," meekly. Her own faith was unshaken, but she would not counter Jim till she had better weapons.

"Never mind." He was concerned with something else. "Recognise it?" He held a paper towards her.

Anne took it with the subtle awe the story always touched in her.

"The deed that your grandpa made and never signed."

"Read this." Another paper, in Jim's small, neat hand, a curious throw-back to his grandfather.

Anne read:

"TO CAPTAIN CLAYBORNE MILLER.—I give you at once, for you and your heirs for ever, the deed of all the land called the Great Meadows Farm, and all buildings, houses, or barns built within the limits of that land.

"(Signed) JAMES TRIMLOE.

"Witnesses:

"SAMUEL POTE,

"REDGATE TRIMLOE,

"PETER LANAGER."

"It's not a regular deed, of course," Jim went on. "That can't be made out till things are all settled up, but it will let the old man know he's got his land at last."

Anne gasped stupidly.

"It's the best land on the whole of the west coast," she murmured.

"So Pote the lawyer said."

"Does Red give it too?"

"No; I bought it from him."

"What did he say?"

Jim shrugged.

"Nothing much—only something about grandpa's acts half a century ago not binding him."

"Why did you do it?"

Colour showed in his tanned cheek, a spark glowed in his eyes.

"Blood's thicker than water," in a low voice. "We Trimloes have done wrong enough. I'd like to be remembered for some good."

Anne reached him her hand. The soul of the woman stood up in her eyes, but the man's look was inscrutable.

"Will you take it to him, Nanny, right away? He's talked to you about it."

Anne made ready to go.

"Tell him it's not the true deed, and he can't occupy the land yet—perhaps not for months—but it's all his."

"Let anyone dare say you—love money!"

Jim stretched his arms wide.

"I do love money!" He let them drop to his sides. "But I love some things more. Run along, Nanny. Time's up."

He shook her hand quick and hard in their wonted unemotional fashion of goodbye. The depths below the surface of this daily meeting were black and bitter waters; they dared not stir them, lest they found themselves overwhelmed.

"Good-bye, Jimmy," Anne answered lightly, and waved a gay hand.

Out in the courtyard she hid her face in the mare's mane.

"Oh, Fancy, Fancy," she whispered, "we've just *got* to save him! We're the only friends he has, really."

Poor old Fancy was tottering with weariness as Anne trotted her into the dooryard of Captain Clay's farm. It was straight down the road from the house—a small place, very neat and well cared for. The owner was not in the yard, nor did he answer her knock, so she rode round to the orchard behind the house. Halting at the fence, she called him on a high note:

"Captain Miller! Captain Miller!"

"What say?" The voice came from the air.

Anne could just make him out in the top of a cherry tree, sawing off a branch.

"I'll be there." He recognised her.

She watched him swing from one bough to another, clinging with his bare feet as well as his hands and reaching the ground with a light spring.

"Good evenin', Miss Anne." He was now close to her, and speaking with his usual slurring softness.

She leaned from the saddle and laid the two papers in his hand without a word.

He drew out his spectacles, rubbed them,



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OLD FIRES THAT SMOULDER

put them on slowly, and began to read, syllabiling each word to himself. His hand shook, his moving lips trembled. Anne watched him, hawk-eyed for any change in his face; it came like a flood of light in a dim room, or a strong tide on the dead shallows.

"Aftah all the years!" he cried in a deep voice. "Mah own has come to me aftah all the years!"

Anne shook with awe.

"How did you get it?" he queried her.

"I've just come from Jim."

"Jim's a good boy."

"He is a good boy, Captain Miller," she cried wildly to him, "and he's in peril of his life now!"

"Oh, nothing is goin' to hurt him. We all know he's innocent," still in his voice of power.

"But other people don't, Captain. Oh, won't you help set him free?"

He did not heed her.

"Tell James Trimloe that Clayborne Trimloe"—her start at the name did not touch him—"says, 'You've given me a life-time o' happiness in a single day, a life-time o' happiness.' And tell him Clayborne Trimloe says, 'God bless you! God bless you!'"

His face was sweet with the great fulfilment; all that life had denied him in circumstances and in manhood beamed forth rich and strong and brave. Anne forgot everything but the radiance of the receiver, the splendour of the giver.

"God will bless Jim—I know He will!" she cried, and struck her hand in Captain Clay's.

Next day she told Jim all about it, told it with roses in her cheeks and stars in her eyes—Captain Clay's joy and his blessing, and her own thought of the act.

Jim badly needed a fire to warm his chilled heart.

"Manager can't find hair nor hide of any other man round the place that night," he said despairingly. "And Fontaine wants me to plead self-defence—says it's my only chance."

"How?" bewilderedly.

"Alan jumped for the pistol to shoot me. I got it first, shot him, set him in his chair, and bolted out in a crazy panic. I didn't know I upset the lamp and started the fire."

"You didn't kill Alan!" It was not a question.

"What makes you believe I didn't, Nanny? Everybody else seems so sure I did."

His eyelids sagged heavily from lack of sleep, his look was haggard, his face ravaged. Anne saw him again as he had been that first night in the kitchen—his gay

smile, his hardy glance—and her heart ached unbearably. She could have given the simple, the mighty answer of all who love, in all ages—"I think him so because I think him so"—but she must hide simplicity behind mere proof; and he clung to her like a child in the dark.

"You'll stick by, won't you?" he begged.

Anne held his hot hands in her cool ones.

"To the end of the world, dear."

He closed his eyes.

"Self-defence may let me off with ten or fifteen years."

The despair in his face terrified her; a death of the soul threatened him worse than a death of the body.

"Jim! Jim!"—close to his face—"you'll stick by, too? You won't plead self-defence?"

His eyes opened wide, tired, hopeless, steadfast.

"To the end of the world."

That night Redgate and the lawyer went over with her every line of evidence for and against Jim.

"Of course, there's a fortnight to the trial yet," Redgate comforted her, "and no one can tell what may turn up, but it looks now as if self-defence was his only chance."

"Red, do you believe he murdered Alan?"

"No! That means out-and-out plotting; but I do believe he shot him, to save himself and because Alan tantalised him so."

He said it reluctantly, yet with conviction. Anne looked at him like a sleep-walker, and went straight out of the room.

The days that crept along—to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—were a cruel strain on the girl. Each one brought Jim nearer his trial, yet not one brought any help to him. She knew he bore a steady grilling from the lawyers and Red to offer self-defence as his plea, and she suffered with him.

The month of Alan's funeral had swung round. Anne filled baskets with flowers from the conservatory and started for the graveyard.

She slipped away by herself, for Charlotte's constant following of her wearied her unspeakably, and she was too sweet-natured to break from her openly. Down by the gate she found the carriage waiting where she had sent it on ahead, and Booth, who, since Jim's imprisonment, had attached himself to her in an especial way, driving.

As they cleared the gate, Booth turned in the dusk of the old phaeton, the whites of his eyes gleaming.

"Miss Nanny, I got somethin' I'm goin' to tell you, just you, because it's goin' to hurt Master Jim. You'll keep quiet about it?"

"Indeed I will."

"I told them at the inquest I'd seen no

THE QUIVER

one round the house that night Master Alan was killed. But I see Master Jim."

"You didn't!"

"Yes, miss, him or Master Red. 'Twas like this: I took the cut to the stables by the back of the library. The saddle-room door was a-banging and a-slammimg. I stood about looking, and I see nothing. Then I looked again, and there was Master Jim walking up the pathway."

"Where did he come from?"

"The kitchen, of course, right back of me. Hadn't any shoes on his feet, but he had the Trimloe walk."

"What did he do?"

"He came right up and scrunched down near the window, and then he turned into the saddle-room."

"He must have gone into the library, Booth."

"B'lieve me, Miss Nanny, he never went into the library at all."

"Could you see into the library, or hear anything?"

"No, miss, I couldn't see anything, I couldn't hear anything."

"Don't you tell one soul about it, Booth."

Booth rolled wise eyes at her.

Here was another nail in Jim's coffin! Of course, if Booth kept quiet! But could he? Under the torment of a cross-examination all this might be twisted out of him. Anne leaned her head back and lifted the flowers up to hide her face. Booth could think she was crying over Alan if he liked—or over Jim; she didn't care. Her tears were salt in her mouth; the whole world, so blue and still and lovely, seemed a bitter place to her.

Booth left her at the graveyard, to return after he had done some errands in the village. She put flowers on the two new graves; then tenderly brushed the leaves from her mother's grave and laid there pale, sweet roses like to the fragile woman who slept beneath.

Still Booth did not come; so she wandered down to the end of the enclosure and seated herself on the low wall. She grew aware of a saddle horse cropping the grass outside, and a man near her moving among the graves. The man was Captain Clay, and he was placing a few stunted chrysanthemums upon a grave. It touched Anne that he had come so far with so poor a gift. She gathered up a tall stalk of Madonna lilies and carried it to him.

"I'd like you to have these, please."

His face was veiled and sad and quiet, a face one lifts from a grave made in years long gone.

"Thank you, miss," simply.

The place was like a poet's dream of rest; old yews drooped shadows over the graves, the stones were lichen-softened, a tangle of briar roses wove green network over the

mounds, and through a gap in the wall the sea shimmered a heavenly blue.

Anne could make out on the grave the captain was tending only the words: "Aged nineteen years."

"Your sweetheart?"

"No, miss. I nevah had a sweetheart. Mah mothah rests here."

"Sally May?" involuntarily.

"Sally May Williamson, miss. I nevah loved any otha woman."

"I thought she died when—"

"I was born? Yes, miss. Mah gran'pa told me all about her many and many a time. She was his only child, and his wife died young. Mah mothah was beautiful to look at, they say—dark hair and eyes, same as you got. It seemed like gran'pa couldn't think of anything else but her and her sorrowful end. I reckon his heart was broke."

"She was just a little girl."

"But she could love like a woman, miss. Did you hear her story, evah?"

"Yes," quietly. She could not bear the poignancy of it here in this place of peace.

"She wouldn't evah believe a word against him, not even to the end. She went sort of lost-witted, as you might say. They married her to another man, but that didn't signify; her heart was all his. She wouldn't let her fathah ever say one harsh word. She nevah cried out that it was hard. It was 'All right,' again and again. The man she married was away when the end came. She died in her fathah's arms, and the last words she said was: 'Tell him I loved him just the same!'"

He touched the grave with the point of the lily stalk.

"Gran'pa talked so constant to me I feel like I knew her mah-self—her little cute ways and her pretty smile and her winning laugh. I reckon I'll find her quick, come Resurrection Day."

He pushed down a bit of sod with his foot.

"I've dwelt on her sorrowful life many a night on mah ship, alone under the stars, and someways, she so young and having no mothah, and loving him like that, I can't see how it'll be counted against her."

Anne remembered another woman long ago who was forgiven much because she had loved much.

"I nevah talked to anyone about her since gran'pa died," he went on. "Some was hard on her, and I couldn't bear that. Some didn't allow she ought to rest in blessed ground, nor have flowers on her breast—leastways not white ones."

Anne took the lilies from him, and, kneeling by the grave, placed them among the green leaves.

"Thank you, miss."

She saw that his eyes were full of tears.

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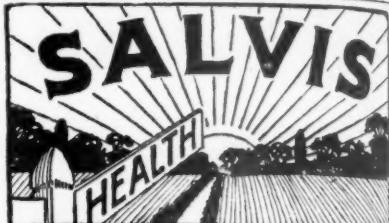
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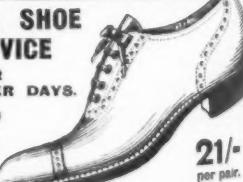
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OLD FIRES THAT SMOULDER

"That's why I longed so for the Great Meadows Fahm. He'd promised it to her for a marriage present. I felt it hard to have her disappointed in that too. You know I've got it now, don't you, miss?"

He looked up into the blue sky, where pigeons wheeled far off, their wings flashing white in the sun. Tears were in Anne's own eyes. He brought his gaze back to her.

"Strange how she stood by him as she did?"

"No!"

"When everything and everybody was against him?"

"No!" The answer rushed from her headlong, like water bursting its dam. "She was obliged to believe in him, loving him as she did. If she'd lost her faith in him, why, she'd have died! If I couldn't know Jim was innocent—the way I feel—" She flung her hands wide before her, helpless to tell her heart.

"Jim!" He started back as if the man stood in the path before him. "Oh, he's all safe. He—"

"He isn't safe! He's got to be hanged, I tell you, or go to prison years and years, and maybe die there!" She caught hold of his arm beseechingly. "Oh, Captain Clay, if you know any least little bit of evidence to help him, you won't hide it, you won't let him suffer for—" Her voice trailed away huskily.

The old man's face was expressionless and dull as she had seen it that first night.

"I know nothing, miss," he said in his usual gentle, feeble voice. "I was down to the wharf or up to my house at the time."

Anne turned from him with a gesture of despair and started towards Booth, who was just driving into the entrance. Captain Clay hurried after her.

"Listen, miss. You—you—feel to him—like mah pore little mothah—to—"

"Yes, yes!" She stopped short.

Booth leaned out of the phaeton to see what it was all about, and Captain Clay caught sight of the intent face and pulled himself up with a jerk. He passed his hand over his forehead as if he were brushing something away; then he shook his head slowly several times, murmured in a vague whisper: "I didn't know 'twas like that to her. I didn't know—" and walked back towards the lower end of the graveyard, where the lilies on Sally May's grave shone in the afternoon light.

Anne took several steps towards him.

"It's no use! He won't! He can't!"

She ran to the phaeton, climbed in, and nodded to Booth, too burdened and forlorn even to speak to him.

That night Anne told Redgate and the detective all she had discovered of the possibility of crossing the creek on the tree, and of her find of the marble and of the

strip of cloth. She did not repeat Booth's story; that, she felt, would only strengthen the chain of evidence against Jim.

The men listened, then patiently explained away every trace of evidence as "mere coincidence."

Long after Anne went to bed she tossed in the grip of a black despair. Suppose Red and the others were right? Suppose Jim had done it in self-defence and now dared not own it even to them? She ranked the reasons in front of her—hard, bright rows of them. Jim was passionate; Alan had been merciless; the pistol went off almost of itself.

She knelt by the window, her arms on the open sill, looking up to the stars, so far away, so happy. By and by she grew calmer. She thought of little Sally May, the estate agent's daughter, who had been a princess in loyalty. She, too, would believe to the end—even if the end were the old graveyard.

She dropped asleep, and slept till late morning.

"That Captain Clay Miller, he's been round here twice this morning to see you," Aunt Janey told her at breakfast. "He's got something he wants to tell you. He's coming back about noon."

Anne rushed through her breakfast in a fever of haste and hurried out. Captain Miller was nowhere in sight; only Redgate was walking down the drive to the gate with Lawyer Pote and another. Anne followed them, too restless to stay in the house. At the gate they halted and looked across the high road to where some men, in a slow progress of repair after the storm, were clearing out broken trees.

"I reckon she's ready," one of them called to the two labourers who were hacking into the heart of an oak.

"Clear out of the way there!" they shouted, as the giant tree swung languidly from side to side.

The doctor, riding by on his horse, reined back; three men scattered across the road. The tree continued nodding and dipping as if it meant to sink gracefully to the ground. Then suddenly it shook itself, hurtled through the air with lightning speed, and struck the road in a crash of branches and dust.

Everybody jumped. Doctor Rowden's colt reared, whirled round, kicked furiously, and bolted.

Lawyer Pote swung his hat for the man's horsemanship; then his face changed. "Trouble! Look!"

Captain Clay Miller lay on the ground among the leaves of the oak, struck by an iron hoof.

"Quick! Carry him to our house!" Anne flew to him.

Since it was the nearest room, the bearers

THE QUIVER

laid him in the library. His eyes were closed, his face white. Anne prayed beside him in an agony of fear lest, like that old-time keeper of a secret, he might "straightway pass within the dread and narrow door of death, never to be questioned more this side eternity." But in a few minutes he opened wide his peculiarly blue eyes, and tranquilly looked about the room. All confusion had been cleared away; no sign of the fire remained but the scorched mantel and Mrs. Moale's portrait leaning against the wall.

"She brought most of it to pass." The hurt man spoke in a natural voice, and pointed to the portrait.

"Captain Clay," Anne begged as urgently as she dared, "can't you tell us about the night of—the fire here?"

"I got it bad, doc.?"—his calm look on the physician.

"Very bad, Clay."

"If I got somethin' to say, eh?"

"Say it now and have it off your mind while you can."

His voice began to drowse.

"Indeed, I got somethin'. I been here twice before to say it. You send for Jim Trimloe. It's for him." His eyes closed again.

An hour Anne sat on one side of the couch on which he lay, the doctor on the other. Redgate and Lawyer Pote wandered in and out of the room.

The old captain opened his eyes again and said naturally, as if going on with a conversation never interrupted:

"It's queerer than anythin' you ever heard of. 'Twasn't any man that shot poor Alan, not any man."

"I didn't intend to come ovah here that night. I started up for mah mac, then I ran down to the shore and looked across the creek, and I could see Alan in here—in this room. I thought of the Great Meadows Fahm—him heiring it—and it made me wild. I was goin' to plead for it with him. She ought to have left it to me. It was mah right.

"It was a little old rowing boat drifted in with the tide from somewhere. She tempted me. I jumped in and made for the other side. I got out and waded ashore. I hadn't any shoes on.

"I crept up on the porch quietly in mah bare feet. Alan was asleep in a big chair facin' the window."

He closed his eyes; grey shadows fell across his cheeks.

"What happened next?" cried Anne.

The door opened; the superintendent and Jim entered. Captain Clay recognised them with a faint movement, hardly a start.

"James Trimloe," he greeted the young man in a stronger voice.

"As I looked through the window came

a great roarin' blast of wind. That picture"—his finger pointed to Mrs. Moale's portrait—"broke its cord. It crashed down. It struck the pistol on the shelf. The pistol leaped into the air; it exploded. Alan jumped up, and he met the bullet full in front and fell back into the chair. Othah things went—a table, a lamp. I didn't stay: I ran into an open door. Something came down all ovah me. 'Twas a mackintosh. I hurried down the drive and across the lawn to the creek. I hadn't any feeling; only I wanted to get away off somewhere. The boat wasn't there, of course, but I've crossed that creek often on the tree. The mac was heavy, but I kept hold of it, though now I knew it wasn't mine. I had to wear it because Julius would wonder what I went for!"

"I was frightened about it. I couldn't tell any man, even when Jim, here, was locked up in jail. Then Jim gave me the Great Meadows Fahm, and she begged me—the little girl did—so I come to tell her. It's past belief, but the picture set off that pistol. God's my witness. I go—soon—before—Him."

A long silence followed, while he lay with closed eyes. Then he spoke fast, as one who is pressed for time.

"James Trimloe." His hand groped on the cover. Jim laid his hand in his.

"Sally May—" The voice broke.
No one answered. All stood with white faces.

"Sally May Williamson!"

"Here, dear," Anne's hand was in his. He looked straight up at Jim.

"Do you love her like a true man should for evah?"

Jim's eyes met Anne's with a look that caught hold of eternity, and Anne answered it—just those two alone in the world.

"And you'll wed her like a man should, come the first day you're able?"

"If she is willing," in a whisper. Their voices seemed like intruders from an alien world. "Will you, dear?"

"Yes, Jim," Anne spoke in a clear voice.

"And you'll give her the Great Meadows for a marriage present?"

"I will," like part of the service.

"That's—all—right." His lips were forming the words in syllables. "James—and the little—sweet—girl— She—the old lady—meant—to hahm them—but—I've made it—all right."

Jim and Anne held his chilling hand fast in their warm ones, their thoughts a little on their own coming happiness, a great deal on Captain Clay's. To Anne, the picture of her grandmother seemed to smile now with blessing, as if all hatred had been cleansed away in that river which flows around the world for ever.

THE END



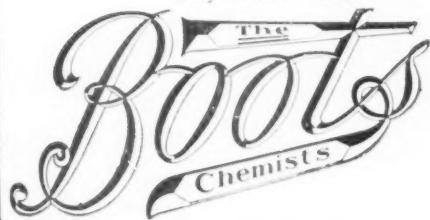
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